The Negroes: Federal Aid and Self-Help

December 17, 1964 35¢

The War on Poverty: The First Skirmish

THE REPORTER

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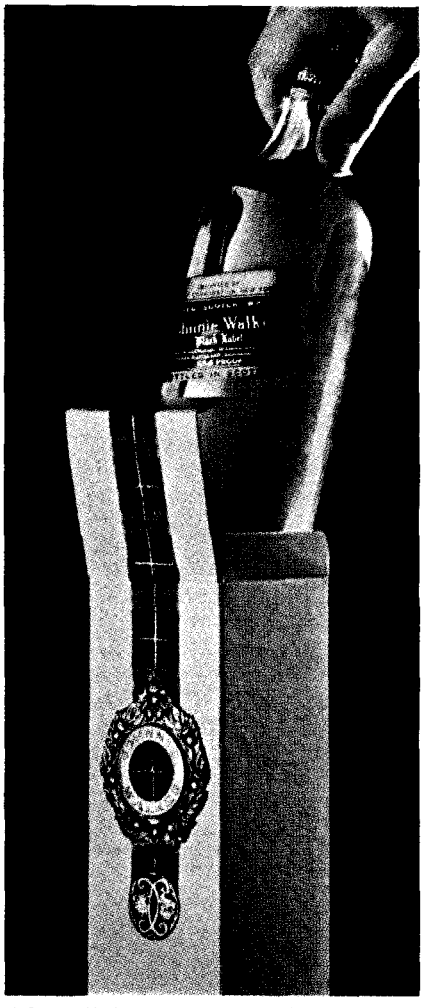
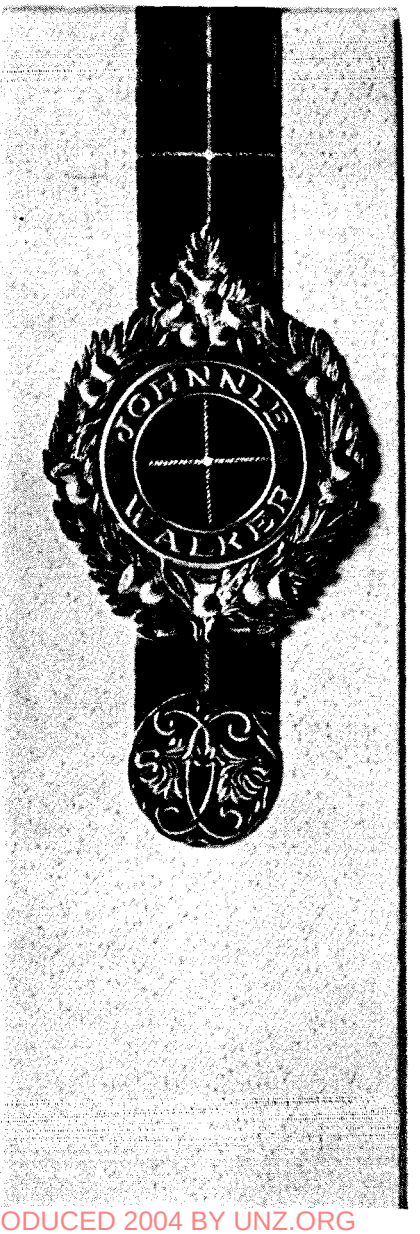
How many people on your gift list appreciate the world's finest Scotch?



After all, how many people know that Johnnie Walker Black Label is an incomparable blend of over forty of the finest aged Highland malt whiskies, each whisky chosen for its body, or special flavor, or unique bouquet?



This perfect balance of richness, smoothness and mellowness makes Black Label prized by discriminating Scotch drinkers throughout the civilized world.

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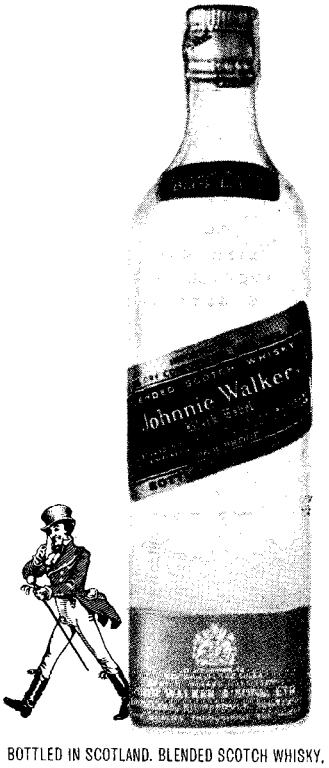

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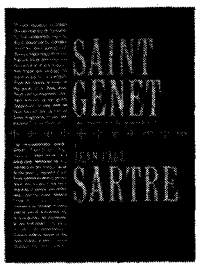

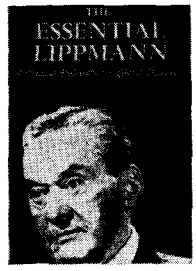

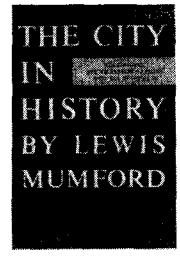

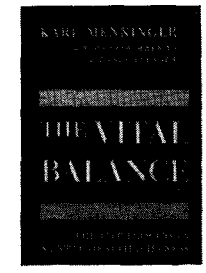

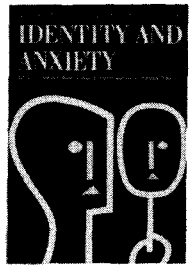

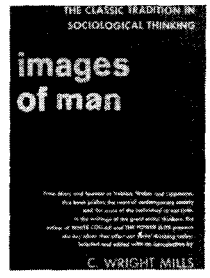

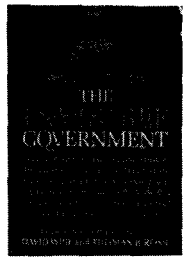

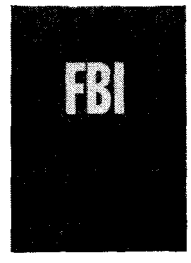

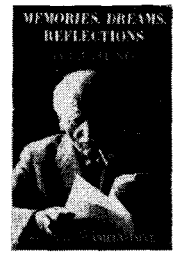

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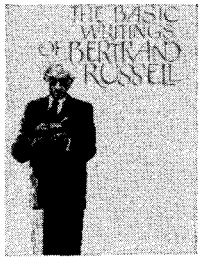

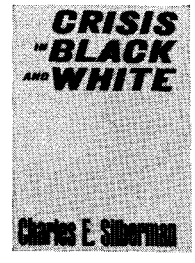

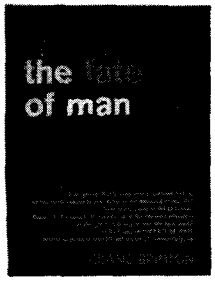

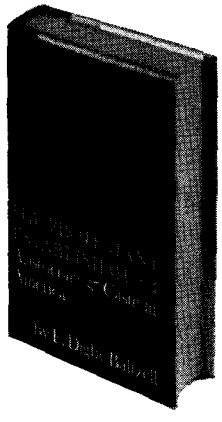

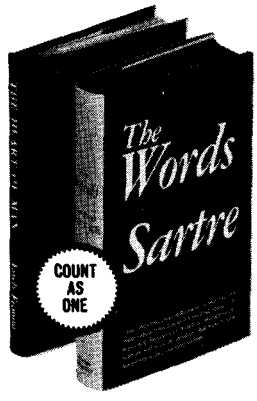

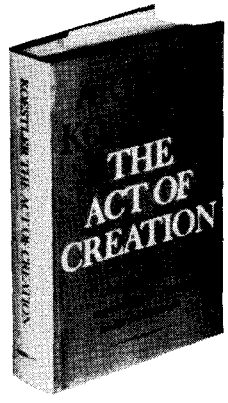

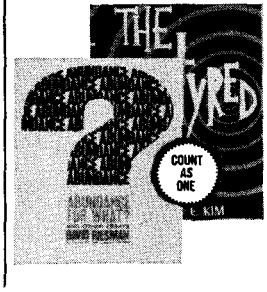

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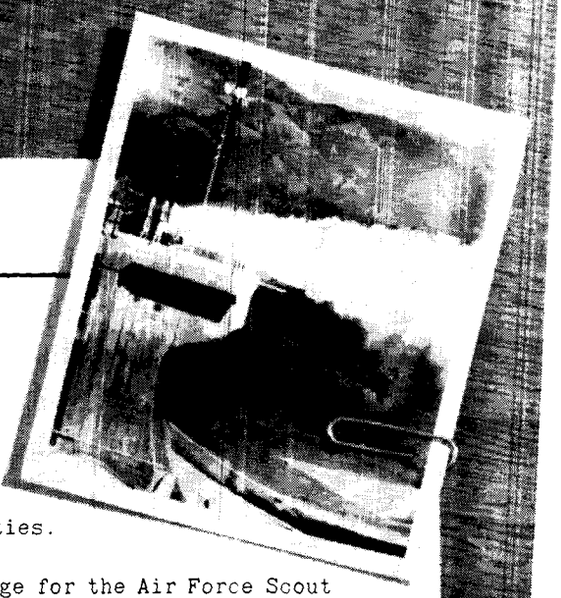

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In addition to its complex of research, development and testing facilities in Northern California, UTC maintains auxiliary facilities at Edwards Air Force Base and Cape Kennedy as well as technical liaison offices in major cities throughout the nation. Out of these facilities have come developments which are a significant indication of UTC's present capabilities.

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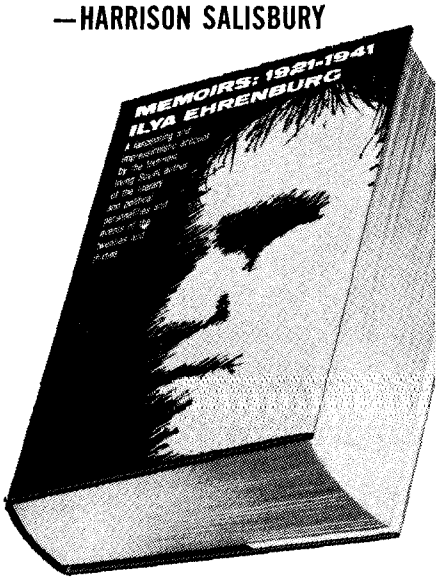

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE CIVIL RIGHTS of the Negroes have been formulated—or reformulated—in more definite legal terms, but they can be effective only if there is vigilance and initiative on the part of the entire population, both black and white. Enforcement of the law is only part of the story, and the Federal and local governments cannot do the whole job. The administrative complexity that the 1964 Civil Rights Act has created also requires tireless vigilance on the part of the Executive if the purposes of the law are not to be lost in a bureaucratic maze. Happily, the administration appears aware of this danger, according to **Elizabeth Brenner Drew,** a senior writer for the *Congressional Quarterly.* . . . But the Negroes cannot have the full benefit of the law unless they themselves hasten the improvement of their own lot with all the initiative and imagination of which they are capable. Such initiative has been shown by a group in Philadelphia that has set up a highly effective job-training program. **Hannah Lees** is a Philadelphian and a free-lance writer. . . . The effects of the Civil Rights Act on the ballot box are being felt most keenly in the old Confederacy, where, as **Paul Duke** of NBC explains, even the most diehard politicians have started to react to the increased Negro vote in the recent Presidential election.

THE FIRST eight months of the post-revolutionary régime headed by President Humberto Castelo Branco in Brazil have produced a series of impressive political feats, according to **Milan J. Kubic,** *Newsweek's* correspondent in Rio de Janeiro. But the strange revolution, which has never been adequately described (but which we hope to deal with in the near future), still faces grave problems that will test the skillful leadership of the ex-general. . . . Bargaining behavior, as both labor and management have long suspected, is usually determined by market and working conditions and not by public pressure to adhere to voluntary Federal "guideposts." The implications—mirrored by the recent auto settlements and looming in the impending steel negotiations—are reviewed for us by **Thomas R. Brooks,** author of *Toil and Trouble: A History of American Labor,* published last month by Dial. . . . Premier Moise Tshombe's four hundred white mercenaries in the Congo, like their counterparts in other times and places, have exerted an influence out of proportion to their numbers because of the disorganization in that tragic country. **Peter Schmid,** a Swiss journalist, visited a commando post for an on-the-spot portrait of these hired fighters. . . . **Alfred L. Malabre, Jr.,** an economic writer for the *Wall Street Journal,* compares unemployment at the outset of "the Great Society" with the situation at the end of the Second World War: then as now there were too many undertrained, undereducated young people entering the labor market, but today no program of the scope of the G.I. Bill of Rights is planned to cope with the problem. . . . **Denis Warner,** who visited the Philippines on a recent trip through Southeast Asia, describes the stresses and strains that American economic relations have undergone with these strategic islands since they became independent in 1946.

AT A TIME of year when many Americans are preparing for their seasonal migration south, it is perhaps fitting to remember Henry Adams, whom our reviewer calls "that least likely of beachcombers." **Kenneth S. Lynn,** professor of English at Harvard, is currently working on a study of American realism, 1865-1890. He has been an associate editor of *Daedalus,* and is the author of *The Dream of Success: A Study of the Modern American Imagination,* and of *Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor,* both published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. . . . **Hilton Kramer** is the editor of *Perspectives of the Arts,* published by Horizon Press. . . . Our regular pictorial commentator, **Fernando Krahn,** depicts further hazards in the middle of the journey. . . . **Gordon Rogoff,** who served from 1959-1960, as administrative director of the Actors' Studio under the joint leadership of Lee Strasberg, Cheryl Crawford, and Elia Kazan, examines the latter and his craft in the context of a brief history of theatrical direction. . . . **John M. Conly,** a frequent contributor, charts a course for the prospective buyer through the labyrinth of the latest high-fidelity equipment. . . . Two books by the late **Dilys Laing** remain available. They are *Walk Through Two Landscapes* (Twayne) and *Poems from a Cage* (Macmillan).

Our cover for this issue is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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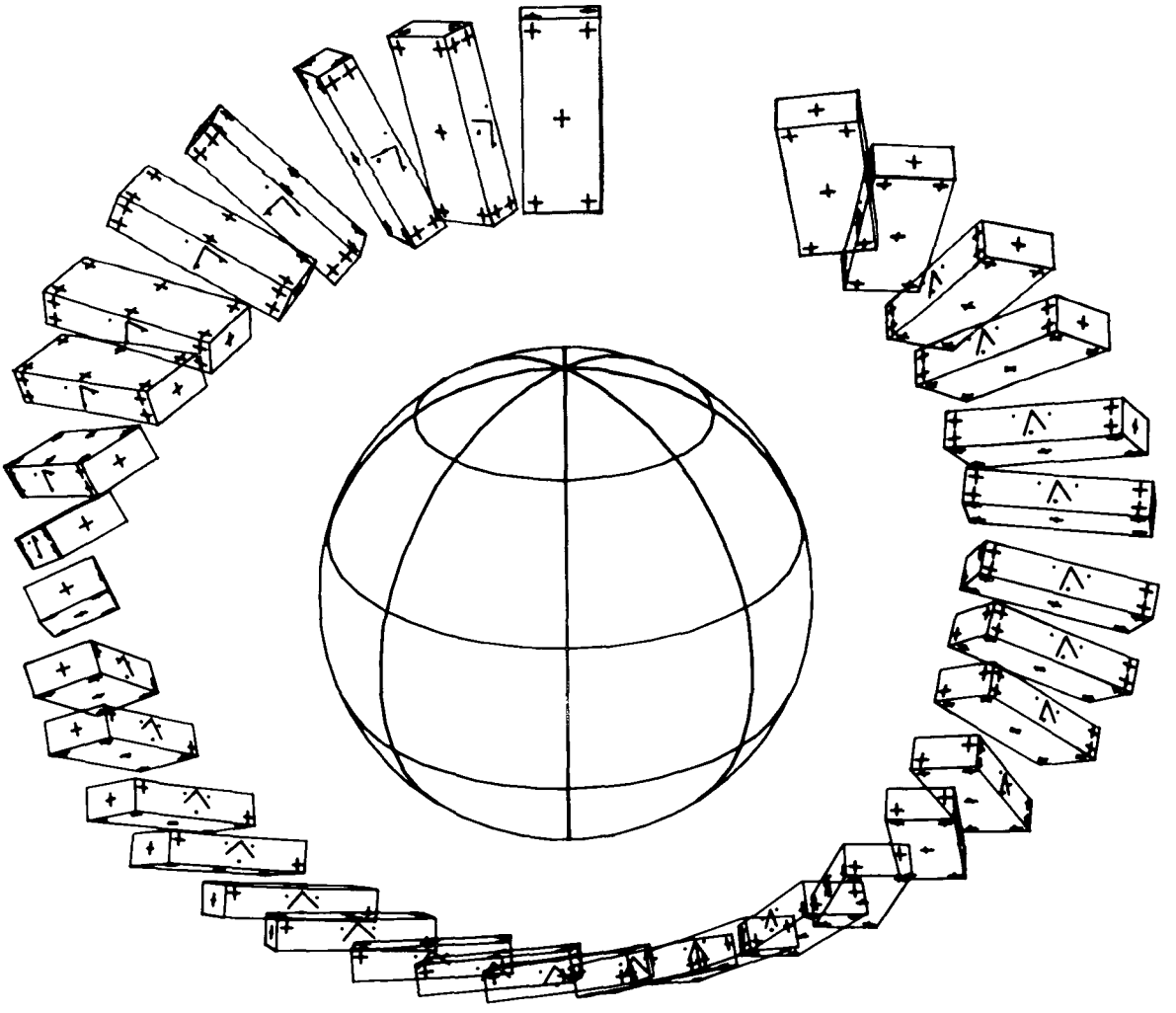

Picture of a satellite in orbit—as drawn by a computer

The domino-shaped box in the drawing above represents a communications satellite orbiting the earth.

The various angles and positions of the box show the relative positions of the satellite during one orbit.

The drawing was made, not by a man, but by a computer at Bell Telephone Laboratories to help scientists visualize how the satellite would behave.

What the computer did is called *simulation*. Working from data given it, the computer calculated, or simulated, the satellite's position at various instants and produced the picture on microfilm. The picture told us what we needed to know.

We use such simulation a great deal to save time and hold down costs in developing and testing new products and services.

Computers help us plan coast-to-coast transmission systems, new switching logic, and data systems. They also help us study problems relating to telephone usage at given times of the day or year.

Not all of our simulation is done on computers. Often we can simulate by other means.

We test new kinds of undersea telephone cables in buried, brine-filled steel pipes that duplicate the pressures and temperatures of the ocean's bottom at various depths.

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Many additional examples of simulation could be cited. Often they help us spend our time and money more efficiently in developing new services and improving present ones—in making sure that America continues to enjoy the world's finest telephone service at the fairest possible prices.

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CORRESPONDENCE

IN SEARCH OF EMPATHY

To the Editor: Throughout the past six months, I have read your articles and editorials with interest. As a Southerner, my views on many issues were quite different from those expressed in *The Reporter*. And yet, we in the South have the same love for our country, the same wish for prosperity for all, the same desire for peace, security, and brotherhood.

In "The Leaders and Their Mandates" (November 5), in speaking of the "national shame" of accusations made during the Presidential campaign, you wrote: "There is no answer to views that are baseless to the point of folly, and there is no way of establishing communication with men who hold such views. This probably hurts the most."

It *does* hurt! And communication has suffered—but it takes two to communicate. True communication can only come through understanding and empathy. How few protagonists of divergent viewpoints have employed such real concern to their treatment of problems affecting the nation as a whole! With such a mighty sword to wield, all those entrusted with the writing of articles and editorials designed to shape the nation's thinking should be sure that they know their subjects well and see them through the eyes of the stranger as well as their own.

MRS. JAMES C. TROUT
Chickasaw, Alabama

THE CHALLENGE FOR AEC

To the Editor: As one who has thought that the case for reorganizing the Atomic Energy Commission was a good one, in part for the reasons which John W. Finney quoted from a speech of mine, I nevertheless do not find the present commission in anything like the state of disarray that Mr. Finney suggests in "Is the AEC Obsolete?" (*The Reporter*, November 19).

In fact, I think the main reason the reorganization of the AEC has not been pressed by the administration is not "cold feet" in the face of influential Democrats on the Congressional committee. The main reason is that under Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg's chairmanship, the five-man commission has been made to function surprisingly well. Many of the consequences of reorganization have been achieved without reorganizing, through an informal allocation among the commissioners of principal areas of concern.

I believe that both staff and commissioners would agree that recently an increasingly effective working relationship with each other has been established. I can find no evidence since I came to the commission in 1962, or in the immediately preceding years, that three scientist members teamed up against two lawyer members, at least in any record vote. I find the commission's rules of procedure and operation extensive and adequate.

I certainly do not find that the commission has become "an organization with few new challenges to be met and few important policies to decide." No one could call the future of high-energy physics, the development of advanced converters and breeder reactors, nuclear propulsion, nuclear desalting, the development of nuclear rockets, and isotopic sources of power, nuclear explosives for peaceful purposes, not to mention arms control and military and international nuclear developments, devoid of range or challenge.

I believe the commission's role has been a changing one, and the case for reorganization in due course remains a valid one. But it is not because the AEC is disorganized or ineffective or running out of important things to do.

JOHN G. PALFREY
U.S. Atomic Energy Commission

ROMANIAN INSIGHTS

To the Editor: George Bailey's "Trouble Over Transylvania" (*The Reporter*, November 19) is informative, objective, and thought-provoking. His observation serves as a reminder and as proof that most of the basic conflicts in Eastern Europe—post-World War I and post-World War II vintage—still have not been resolved, even after the application of institutionalized Soviet methods under Communist rule. At a time of moderate relaxation or political confusion, national objectives receive top priority again, as recent Romanian developments demonstrate. Apparently the principles of "proletarian internationalism" and "socialist brotherhood" do not apply to the Hungarian minority living in Romania. If, consequently, officials in Budapest should prove to be Hungarians first and Communists second, politicians in Eastern Europe, especially in Romania, will be the least surprised, their public utterances notwithstanding.

Z. BAGDY
Washington, D.C.

ANOTHER PUCK

To the Editor: As one of the "pretty young girls" (thank you) who circulated pamphlets at the Goldwater Rally in San Francisco on November 2, I believe that credit should be given to the person responsible for all three "flashes of humor" described in "The Reporter's Notes" for November 19.

Perhaps "puckish" Dick Tuck was father to the thought, but the press book distributed on Goldwater's southern California whistle-stop tour, the booklet of 1890's drawings illustrating 1964 Goldwater quotes, and the needling of Mothers for Moral America via handbills advertising sexy movies were all the product of the imagination of one Tom Saunders, who, as manager of the Johnson forces in northern California, ran a hell of a good campaign in addition to providing some light and very bright moments.

CHARLOTTE ANN SMITH
San Francisco

THE RISKS OF FRUGALITY

To the Editor: Elizabeth Brenner Drew's "Mr. Passman Meets His Match" (*The Reporter*, November 19) is an excellently written, incisive bit of reporting. But it is perhaps worth commenting on her point about AID submitting fat appropriation requests, getting them trimmed by Congress, and then announcing that the reduced level could be lived with.

On the surface, this routine sounds like a cynical bureaucratic game. In fact it is not. Foreign aid is not like asking Daddy for a fixed amount of money to buy a car. There is really no universally correct aid level for any country during any one year. The proposed aid level derived by the agency is an estimate of the optimum amount necessary during one year to achieve U.S. foreign-policy objectives. These objectives usually involve the attainment of an optimum level of economic growth for the recipient nation's economy. If the appropriation is less than the requested level, it means that in all likelihood the countries will experience lower rates of growth and our aid probably will have to continue for a longer period.

Let us assume that reduced appropriations these last five years have led to a reduction in India's growth rate. Perhaps some day historians will be led to remark that an event which seriously undermined free-world security resulted from some unsatisfied pressures for development in India. AID's ability to "get by" the year without any obvious breakdown in the program is not evidence that the aid level requested was "fat."

Furthermore, it is inherent in the nature of any exercise to reduce proposed country programs to the actual appropriations that continuing projects will receive priority while new efforts are eliminated. Thus, a by-product of this ritual is stagnation of the program.

The most knowledgeable officials in the Executive branch who are concerned with these matters feel that U.S. interests are best served by the levels of aid requested of Congress. If these people are in error and are overgenerous, then our Congress can be credited with the savings realized from cuts in the appropriation request. It may, however, turn out in the eyes of history that the "fat" appropriation requests were in fact required. To my mind, the risks involved hardly justify frugality.

LUDWIG RUDEL
Ann Arbor, Michigan

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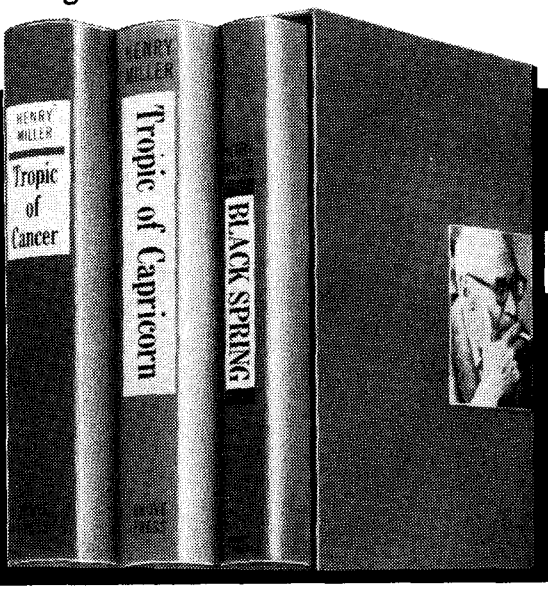

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The Congo Rescue

Even in our own press the reaction to the Belgian-American rescue operation in the Congo had an awkward quality. Yes, it was said, it had to be done, but it should have been more thorough, or less heralded, or without such an accentuation of white solidarity. There has been an old-fashioned, Victorian character in the whole thing, just made to order to be celebrated by Arthur Krock, who out of his infinite knowledge of Supreme Court rulings was able to produce one that gave striking legitimacy to the American intervention via the Belgians. The date of that judicial decision was 1860—a year when there was no United Nations, no Communist empires, and when the leaders of national liberation movements were men named Mazzini or Kossuth.

Now we have the U.N., and its indefatigable secretary-general has enjoyed a rare opportunity to keep silent. But he didn't have much choice, considering the number of African nations that have been duly admitted to the U.N. and considering also that decolonization forthwith had become one of the main purposes of the world organization, thereby assuring the further proliferation of new political entities called, of all things, nations.

Perhaps one of the best though least-publicized features of the venture in the Congo is that it got the unanimous approval of the NATO Council. With all the talk going on about the crisis of NATO, multinational forces, and the like, we think it would be an excellent idea if NATO as a whole could assume the responsibility of keeping in readiness planes and paratroopers contributed by member nations, so that when situations occur like the one in the Congo, the rescue of NATO nationals could be immediate and, to use a word applied to far more serious methods of warfare, credible. More emergencies of this nature are undoubtedly in the making, probably on a larger though never on a more horrendous scale than in the Congo.

The Communists, of course, will call any NATO action neo-colonialism. The West, which means NATO, has no reason to care, for it has a number of traditions of its own still immensely alive that Communism in no possible way can imitate or soil. And of these it is perhaps enough to mention only the first, which is charity.

—M.A.

Whiplash

Mrs. Snow, it will be remembered, was the one person Pollyanna couldn't please. Let Pollyanna bring her a gift of chicken broth and Mrs. Snow would allow as how what she really hankered for was calf's-foot jelly. Let Pollyanna turn up with calf's-foot jelly and Mrs. Snow, just as surely, would have an unappeasable yen for chicken broth. Pollyanna solved the problem by showing up with everything one day, but the political situation that has forcibly reminded us of all this will admit of no such practical solution.

There are roughly forty Mrs. Snows—or liberal Democrats—in the Senate, and they can only choose one of their number to be Senate Whip. Pastore of Rhode Island? He led the fight for the communications-satellite "giveaway," it is argued in some quarters; he holds a grudge; he is the choice of the Establishment. Long of Louisiana? Good on the Comsat issue, good on economic matters, but bad on civil rights, the test-ban treaty, and up until now on medicare. Monroney of Oklahoma? Well, maybe. But what about the twenty-seven per cent oil-depletion allowance?

It is not necessary to judge the merits of any of these complaints to point out that the scatteration of the Democrats involved and their inability thus far to unite on either a candidate or a strategy could cause them to squander the potential effectiveness of their numerical majority. "Democratic Liberals," as a piece in the *Wall Street Journal* was recently subheaded, "May Fumble Away Senate's No. 2 Job."

Both the job and the contest for it are of particular significance this session. Under the gentle leadership of Mike Mansfield of Montana, the assistant leadership—which is what the Whip's job is—has assumed far greater importance than it had when Lyndon Johnson was running the show. Though there is no rule of succession in filling the Whip's post, the Whip himself is considered logical successor to the Majority Leader. The Democrats, in other words, are probably in process of choosing their next leader, and with the death or departure of the Senate's postwar strong men, it is going to be a difficult choice.

This is the first time in many years that there has been an open election rather than a choice agreed upon and then imposed by the Senate's acknowledged chiefs. The ensuing free-for-all—telephone calls, personal visits, correspondence, log-rolling, suddenly discovered passions and obstinacies—has provided observers with more than comic relief. It has also shed some light on newly formed groupings within the Senate and on some of the hazards of democracy or "reform" within it.

The candidacy of Russell Long is a case in point. When Senator Lyndon Johnson was put forward for the same job, it was with a view to bridging, or at least diminishing, the sharp difference between North and South in the Democratic Party, to creating a kind of coalition within it. But the same argument is scarcely heard on Long's behalf. Although he appears to have South-

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ern support, he does not appear to have been selected by the Southerners in any organized way. Indeed, that bloc is thought likely to lose a certain amount of its cohesiveness with the decline of civil rights as an issue within the Senate; and Long's appeal has been made primarily on the grounds that (1) he represents what is known as "economic Populism," being, as one Northern Democrat puts it, a "visceral Democrat"; and (2) that he is a "senator's senator," or the kind of operator who will help a fellow senator in distress. The "economic Populists" appear to be a fairly large group within the Democratic caucus, deriving their numbers primarily from the Midwest and Far West—Douglas of Illinois, Proxmire of Wisconsin, Burdick of North Dakota, and so on.

Again, one hears increasing talk these days about divisions within the Senate into big-city liberals and Western liberals, liberals whose states depend on the largesse of the Southern-dominated Appropriations Committee and liberals whose first principle is that the Southerners' hold on that committee must be broken. The whole structure of relations within the Senate—North-South-and-Middle; conservative-liberal-and-middle—seems to be changing. At the moment, in addition to the announced candidacies of Pastore, Long, and Monroney, there are hints of a dark-horse movement for Philip Hart of Michigan and mutterings about Edmund Muskie of Maine. Here and there one even hears talk of some liberals forcing an enlargement of the all-important Democratic Steering Committee so that, having in large measure broken the power of the Southerners to woo votes away from them, they will be able to work their will in electing the Whip. But what is their will?

It is quite possible that within the next few weeks the divided groups and subgroups within the Senate Democratic Party will form a meaningful bloc. After all, anything is possible. But if they fail to do so, they will have to countenance the all but unbearable irony, after all these years of complaint, of having someone else (it might even

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be President Johnson) impose a choice upon them. And it would be something of a setback for Senate reform to have the first open election in years bog down in horse trading, back scratching, logrolling, and the like. That, after all, has been the horrific vision most regularly invoked by those who argue the inviolability and virtues of strict rules of succession and seniority in Congress.

Rebuilding the G.O.P.

One central problem for the Republican Party, as it begins holding the assorted meetings, conferences, and perhaps even conventions intended to reconstruct its shattered self, is whether it can evolve an effective national appeal out of its persistent concern with local government. And the fact that Republican state governors, gathered at Denver, were the first group formally to meet in common concern over the party's future emphasizes this paradox.

They met amid insistence that the proper place for the Republican Party to start refashioning itself is at the local level. "Somehow, we seem to do better on the state level than on the national, and this is not without meaning to Republicans at this time," said Robert E. Smylie of Idaho, chairman of the Republican Governors Association.

Earlier in San Francisco at the National Municipal League's seventieth conference on government, Governor George W. Romney of Michigan turned his major address into a summons to Republicans to prove themselves by the rehabilitation of obsolete, ineffective, and cumbersome state governments out of touch with the times. State legislative reapportionment, compelled by the Supreme Court, opens the door to this opportunity. Carried to its logical conclusion, this decision commands the retooling of all local government, down to county boards and city councils.

Out of this unavoidable mandate to renew local government structure, Romney saw a chance for his party to create a crusade. With more logic than showed through all the "states' rights" cant of the recent Republican campaign, he insisted that the problem is not "states' rights" but "state responsibilities." Instead of clinging to the state as bulwark for the status quo, with all the tragic implications of race prejudice this includes in both North and South, Romney urged his party to a fresh drive to restructure state and urban government and rewrite state constitutions, as he had done in Michigan, so that local government can deal robustly with the difficulties of our increasingly urbanized and automated life. This, he said, is one question of our time that cries for solution before it reaches the crisis stage.

The Republican opportunity toward which Romney beckoned is to fashion governmental machinery that will cope with urban needs—machinery more responsive, more modern, more effective than now exists on a level close to the people. Democrats too might have something to say about it. But so far the Democratic answer has been largely a "Washington always knows best" course.

THUS Romney has rescued one of the perfectly valid political issues that went astray amidst the absurdities of the Goldwater campaign and the blandishments of President Johnson. The continually increasing build-up of government power in Washington leaves it only a matter of time until state and local structures, historically the source of so much U.S. strength, will crumble.

Romney said in San Francisco that the coming or going of Dean Burch, Republican National Committee Chairman and Goldwater symbol, is not the party's No. 1 problem. Rather, it is to assert a set of principles and purposes to bind Republicans together and woo the Democrats.

Similarly, Governor Smylie had a practical point to make on the eve of the Denver meeting, when he concurred in the importance of state and local government to Republican rejuvenation. The next test, he said, is in the state elections of 1966. Between now and November, 1966, Republicans must train their main attack on the local scene, he feels, and prove themselves in those narrow but harassed governmental areas. It is a case of learning first to crawl.

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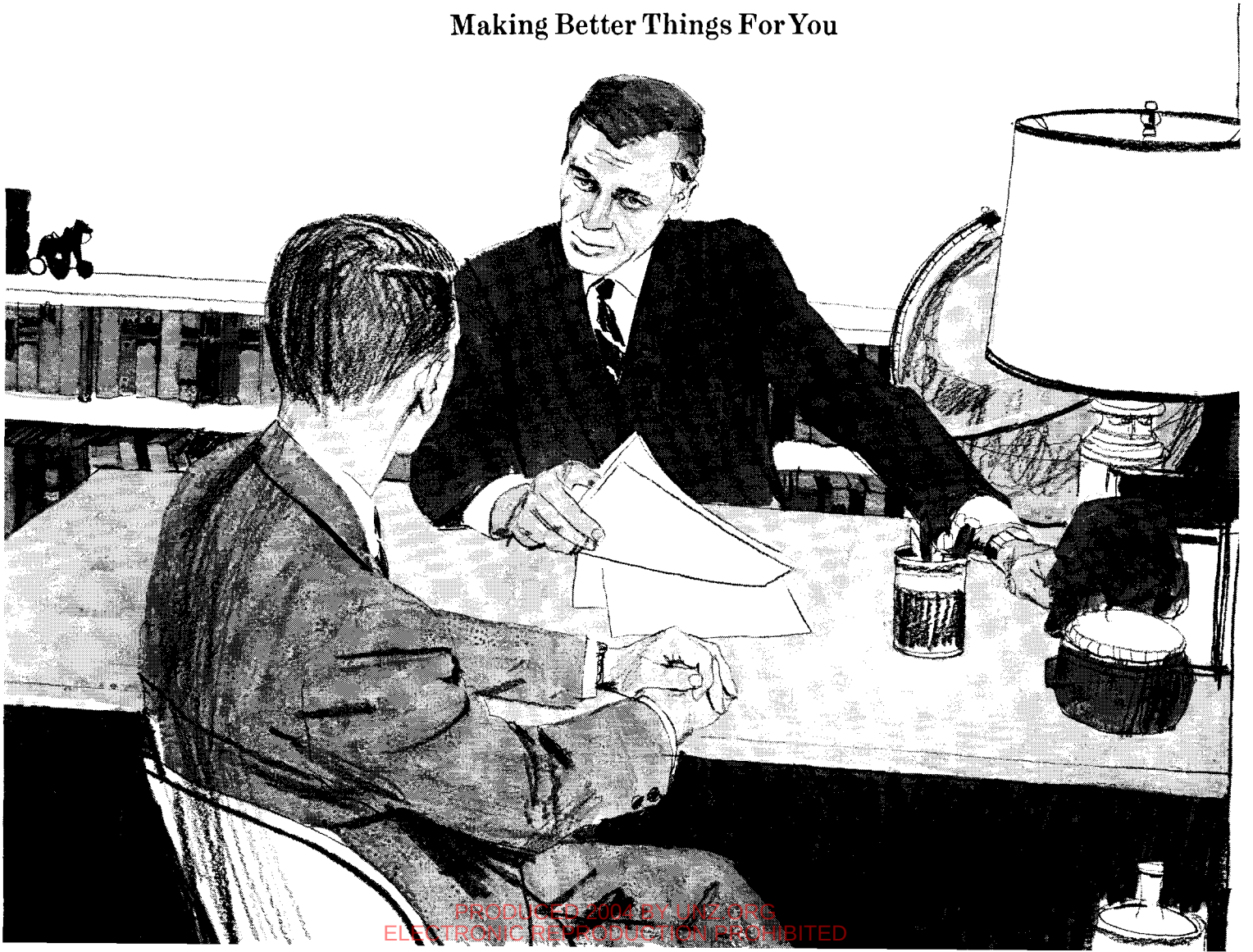

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The Civil-Rights Maze

ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW

OF ALL the projects on President Johnson's agenda, few will be more important—or more difficult—than that of implementing the 1964 Civil Rights Act. To that end, a number of Federal agencies are already involved in the task. Indeed, some feel there may be too many of them.

The proliferation of governmental machinery in this area began with the 1957 Civil Rights Act, the first Federal civil-rights law since Reconstruction. At that time, Congress set up an independent Civil Rights Commission to study all civil-rights problems. The civil-rights section of the Justice Department was also elevated under that act to the rank of "division" and was charged with enforcing voting rights.

The President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity exists under Executive order and is an expanded version of similar committees under Presidents Truman and Eisenhower. Its current orders, issued by President Kennedy in 1961, are to prohibit discrimination in Federal employment, in private companies with government contracts, and under state contracts where there is Federal participation, as in the highway program. The committee has traditionally been headed by the Vice-President. In 1962 another committee was established, under former Governor David Lawrence of Pennsylvania, to carry out President Kennedy's Executive order against discrimination in the sale of Federally assisted housing.

The 1964 act created two more agencies. The new Community Relations Service, already functioning under former Governor Leroy Collins of Florida, is charged with working out problems in public accommodations as they are brought to it and with offering its services in working out any community's civil-rights problems. And by July 2, 1965, the government must establish an Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, complete with five full-time commissioners and a staff, ready to hold national conferences on employment discrimination and to implement the new far-reaching employment provisions, which will eventually cover almost any company or union with more than twenty-five workers.

'An Administrative Monstrosity'

This much overlapping might be manageable, for these agencies are all relatively small and communications among them should not be difficult. The Community Relations Service, for instance, will have only twenty-six professionals in the first

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year, fewer than the New York State Commission on Human Rights, and it plans to remain small. But since Title VI of the new law forbids discrimination under any Federal program whatsoever, the entire government—from the Agriculture Department to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration—will now be in the business of enforcing civil rights.

The racial-employment practices of a single business could be subject to regulations and reporting requirements from the President's Equal Employment Committee, the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, the Labor Department, the Commerce Department, the National Labor Relations Board, and possibly a few others. A university's racial policies might come under the scrutiny of the Housing and Home Finance Agency through Federally aided building construction; the Department of Health, Education and Welfare through Federal student loans; the National Science Foundation through Federally financed scientific equipment; NASA, the Agriculture Department, or the Atomic Energy Commission through research contracts; or the Labor Department if special training programs have been set up. "We've created ourselves an administrative monstrosity," one government civil-rights official said.

The first order of business, therefore, has been to reduce, if not eliminate, the possible headaches of multiple sets of regulations and paper work under Title VI. Even before the civil-rights bill was enacted, a small interagency group quietly began work on reducing the complexities involved in implementing its provisions. Representatives of the Justice Department, the Bureau of the Budget, the Civil Rights Commission, and the White House have drawn up model regulations that can be adopted by most agencies. "We'll never be able to get one set of regulations, but we've encouraged as much boilerplate as possible," one member of the interagency group remarked recently. The group has succeeded at least to the point that a college probably will not have to fill out five different forms if it participates in five different programs; five copies of one form might do, although there may still be five sets of regulations.

The penalty for failure to simplify the Title VI procedures will be more than inefficiency: government officials are aware that they are running the risk of turning civil-rights compliance, even the willing sort, into a gigantic, irksome nuisance, and thereby spoiling any climate of acceptance that has developed. As one official put it, "We're doing our damnedest not to be self-defeating. We have a momentum that we think is moving in the right direction; most companies, for instance, are sincere in wanting to do the right thing, and we don't want this program to turn out to be a hindrance instead of an asset. We're aware, but being aware doesn't always solve the problem."

So much for the corporate bodies, but what about the Negro? Does a Negro who thinks he has been denied a house because of his race take his problem to the Community Relations Service, the Justice Department, the Housing and Home Finance Agency, the President's housing committee, or the Department of Health, Education and Welfare? Does a Negro who feels he has been denied work in an aircraft factory because of his race go to the Defense Department, the President's employment committee, the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, or perhaps the Labor Department? When Negro civil-rights leaders met with President Johnson at the White House recently, this was one of the subjects they raised. They have been urging their followers to place their trust in the Federal government and the legislative process. If the new government machinery becomes another source of frustration, what can they tell them?

To keep the machinery moving will not be easy. Various agencies will have good reason to move at varying rates of speed, and there will certainly be a good deal of built-in bureaucratic inertia. For example, the men in charge of films for the deaf or peanut research have probably been more concerned with films and peanuts than with the impact of their programs on Negroes. Some program chiefs can and undoubtedly will argue that Negroes have more to lose if a program is cut off than if it is run on a segregated basis. A Washington office of the Agriculture Department may decide to make the big push for total equality in the use of its programs; but it still will have to educate and exhort its field offices, many of which may be staffed by people with local prejudice, and its farmer committees, many of which are all-white.

Finally, there will be the fear of retribution by Congress. The act requires that those appropriate congressional committees be given thirty days' notice before any program is cut off for violating Title six, thus allowing plenty of time for the administrators to be called on the carpet. Second, each agency will always have to go before the Appropriations Committees for its money every year. The fact that the civil-rights bill was passed by a two-thirds vote of both the House and the Senate does not guarantee its enforcers immunity from Congressional wrath, especially when so many of the third that opposed it are committee and subcommittee chairmen.

"We're past the point of good intentions," a government adviser remarked recently. "Everyone has to be nudged down the path together, and if one agency hangs back, others will be tempted to, and then the whole program's in trouble. It was never more true than here that if we don't hang together, we'll hang separately. This thing is going to require administrators who have hard heads and plenty of guts."

Co-ordinating the Co-ordinators

Inevitably in such a situation, the solution put forward from many quarters is that there should be a White House office with responsibility for providing effective muscle and co-ordination. At this point, as throughout the Kennedy administration, one man has the job of being the President's adviser and agency watcher for civil rights, and he does this on a part-time basis. The post is currently held by Lee C. White, a law-school classmate of Theodore Sorensen. At critical points, there have been as many as four White House officials spending full time on a civil-rights crisis, but there has been no one with full-time responsibility. Thus, during the Kennedy

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years, civil-rights co-ordination was lodged in the Justice Department, not only because the government's responsibilities were largely confined to litigation but also because of Robert F. Kennedy's relationship to the President, and because the department had on tap a group of talented men who could be sent in to handle the tougher integration crises.

Civil-rights officials are now generally agreed on both the necessity and the inevitability of a White House office with formal responsibility for the enforcement of the 1964 act. They are also agreed on the possible risks of such a move: that other agencies would wait for White House prodding before acting, or that too much clearing at the White House level would clog the civil-rights machinery. Nevertheless, they believe that the need for coherence and momentum is overriding. The consensus then is that there will be a full-time staff, with the authority of the President behind it. Because of his experience and standing, it is likely that Vice-President-elect Hubert H. Humphrey will be given large operating responsibilities in the civil-rights field.

Another plan designed to help co-ordination calls for establishing an information-gathering apparatus, located in the Civil Rights Commission, which will operate on a geographical basis. Upon request, the commission will be able to document all the areas of Federal involvement in, say, Birmingham: the status of school desegregation, whether there are military facilities nearby, whether public accommodations and public parks and lakes have been desegregated, whether there are complaints about housing or jobs, whether voting-rights suits are pending, what programs HEW has there, whether the Community Relations Service has been on the scene, and so on. As things now stand, one government official told me, "We're tripping all over each other in places like Mississippi," with representatives of at least five agencies trying to reach the white leadership in order to work out compliance plans with them.

All the best planning and co-ordination in the world, however, cannot solve another problem raised by the new Civil Rights Act—how to fill all the new jobs required for its implementation. "The need has already outrun the experience," one government official has reported, "and we've already picked the state agencies clean." The need reaches from the top jobs down. An interagency committee has spent considerable time lately worrying about staffing the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission. People with long civil-rights identification tend to be ruled out. "The top symbols in this field need to be new faces in the civil-rights picture," one government adviser told me. "You don't make Martin Luther King the head of the Civil Rights Commission.

"We're striving by stages to make civil rights and equal opportunities respectable in this society and win them more respect among the moderate elements," he said. "So the Federal government keeps setting up a new image, hoping it will appeal to people who haven't supported civil rights before. That's why we keep having new agencies and looking for new faces for the staffs. Everything tends to get discounted in time in a field like this." The personnel hunters are also wary of the less-known but also deeply committed people who have been in the civil-rights field. "The do-gooders have done a superb job so far, and there is much left for them to do; but they would be at sea in the bureaucracy," I was told.

A Job for the 'Good Bureaucrats'

There is, in fact, no training ground ready to supply the needed personnel. Below the top levels, the problem is to find a combination of the good bureaucrat, who knows government programs, can spot civil-rights problems, and has the respect of Negro and white. The implementation of Title VI will require this type of person in every government agency. The EEOC, the Community Relations Service, the Civil Rights Commission, and the President's committees on jobs and housing will also be in need of staff. Because of its greatly expanded litigation responsibilities under the new act, the Justice Department's civil-rights division was given appropriations by Congress this fall to hire forty-nine additional lawyers, for a total of one hundred and five. In a way, the division's hiring job is easier, for this is a field where law-school graduates can be trained to research and try cases, and prior experience in race relations is not necessary. Burke Marshall, the division's chief, hired twenty-two of his new lawyers right away and is still searching for the rest. The drama of the civil-rights crisis has apparently made civil-rights law a more attractive practice than in the past, and has lured a certain number into the field; but there aren't enough yet in Washington. Other legal fields remain more lucrative, and the civil-rights field will soon be feeling the pinch.

Finally, the civil-rights groups themselves will have to learn a new role and have an important one to fulfill if the Civil-Rights Act is to work. "No matter how hard we try, the government agencies will have to be monitored from without, and that's where the civil-rights groups can help," one official explained. "They've channeled all of their energies into getting legislation," said another. "Now they'll have the harder job of learning how to use what the government has to offer them. They did a fine job of showing the American people the great gaps in what we said we were doing. Now what? Will they be able to get hold of the poverty program and help it to work? Work on adult education and school dropout programs? Demonstrating over public accommodations is outmoded."

Thus the new era in civil rights has opened. "It was easy to talk about the big broad general concept of civil rights," said one government adviser. "But now we're up against it. We have to reorient people who haven't thought about the context of civil rights; we have to avoid the clichés and slogans that would help us take the easy way out; we have to have organization, and have to find the talents to carry all this out."

While conceding the dangers, no one is conceding defeat or despair. The officials say that the civil-rights program will work, because it has to work, and because they are bending every effort to make it work. They also agree that the attention, the prestige, and the strength of the President's office will have to be behind the effort if it is to succeed.

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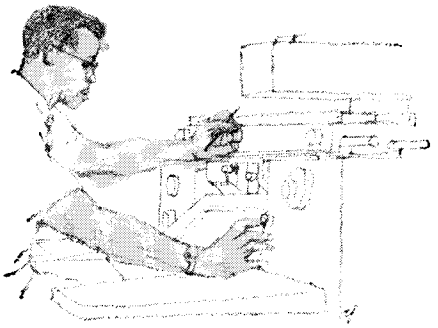

Self-Help in Philadelphia

HANNAH LEES

BEHIND closed doors in Washington, the men concerned with manpower training somberly admit that millions of dollars have already gone down various bureaucratic drains and that millions more will surely follow before anything like efficiency can be expected in matching people who want jobs with employers who want workers. During the last eighteen months more than three thousand Federal training projects have been approved for more than 145,000 unemployed. But all kinds of complications have developed: jobs vanish while men are being trained for them or manufacturers demand new skills that weren't required when the training course was set up. And all the difficulties have made for trouble in recruiting, for apathy and dropouts.

The Philadelphia story is probably typical. The city has a hard core of about 123,000 unemployed. A Chamber of Commerce survey last year found fifteen thousand skilled jobs open in the greater Philadelphia area and a potential demand, from expansion, of some fifty thousand more. The head of the local Manpower Utilization Commission has said there are four thousand certified job vacancies at present within the city limits. But in the last year and a half, fewer than fourteen hundred workers were trained under the city's $7-million manpower grant, and only half of them got jobs. This works out to about five thousand dollars for each trainee. The training programs had to be suspended for months when the grant funds gave out and have only recently been started up again.

EARLY THIS YEAR a group of private citizens in a low-income section of North Philadelphia—an area where racial riots and looting occurred last summer—began training their own unemployed with private funds at about a tenth of what the government spends and getting them directly into skilled jobs. Thirty-eight highly trained men and women, many of whom hold down other jobs, have been working day and night since last March in a former police station to teach several hundred young Negroes the skills that local industry needs right now. There is no apathy in this program, for every trainee knows that a specific local industry has helped plan what he is learning and that a job is waiting for him.

The Reverend Leon Sullivan's Opportunities Industrialization Center is already so successful that people like William L. Batt, head of the Area Redevelopment Administration, and George W. Miller, president of Textron and chairman of the Industry Advisory Council to the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, have visited the center and arranged for Sullivan to tell other people in other cities how to start working the same sort of local miracle.

Unfortunately, the most important ingredient of the North Philadelphia job-training program is not readily exportable. That ingredient, it becomes increasingly clear, is the vision, drive, and integrity of Sullivan himself. When he tells discouraged young Negroes that the training he offers has a job waiting at the end, they believe him. When he tells Philadelphia industrialists that he can quickly provide trained and co-operative workers for vacant jobs if they will help him, they too believe him. But this trust wasn't born overnight.

Three years ago Philadelphia industrialists might well have voted Leon Sullivan the man most likely to raise their blood pressure. The immensely tall pastor of the Zion Baptist Church was generally known to be the leader of the four hundred unnamed Philadelphia Negro ministers who led their parishioners, a quarter of a million strong, through twenty-four successive boycotts against some of the country's biggest distributors of soft drinks, foods, gasoline, and other consumer goods, and won them all. Over the past four years, the ministers have opened up more than three thousand new and better jobs to Philadelphia Negroes without a single picket line or sit-in or a penny spent on litigation. The Negroes who qualified and were hired disproved the predictions of lowered morale and white walkouts. They fitted in without a hitch, and when the boycotts were over, each business's share of the Negro market turned out to be larger than it had been. "They all began to love me," Sullivan recalled not long ago, "because suddenly they were big liberals. Nothing bad had happened, and we'd helped their public image."

But as industry after industry agreed to hire skilled Negroes, the ministers had to face the uncomfortable fact that there simply weren't enough skilled Negroes. Characteristically, Sullivan decided that he had better find a way to meet the demand he himself had helped to create. "I'm a militant," he has said. "I always have been. I've run demonstrations, and I may run them again. But right now I'm in the education business."

A Compliment for the C. of C.

Sullivan announced his plans for a training center in July, 1963, with no funds, no building, no equipment, and no teachers. Six months later, the Center formally opened. A friendly councilman got the city council

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to lease Sullivan an abandoned police station in a rather shabby part of North Philadelphia for a dollar a year. Applicants streamed in for testing, and the first classes in power sewing, restaurant practices, drafting, and electronics started on March 2. By the end of March, classes in laboratory chemistry, machine tooling, and sheet-metal work were added. By holding classes day and night, close to three hundred can be trained at a time, and classes are full to overflowing. The drafting course, for instance, has more students than it has drawing boards. There is a waiting list of 4,500. No chance for job training is wasted. A cutter had to be hired to provide the raw material for the power-sewing classes. He is also training cutters, who can make as much as $2.75 an hour. In the cafeteria a former chef at one of the Holiday Inns is training five men to be assistant cooks. Sullivan hopes that the Center can send seven hundred trained workers out into jobs the first year, and courses are constantly being added and speeded up to meet specific demands.

THE TIMES were with Sullivan. A lot of people had job training on their minds. While Federal manpower people in Philadelphia were trying to work out training programs with the board of education and get certification of what jobs were needed, the mayor was working on a training program of his own, and the Chamber of Commerce, having no faith in either, had persuaded three hundred industrialists to back a plan for training in private trade and technical schools to be financed by the next available manpower funds. The president and the executive director of the Chamber of Commerce found out about Sullivan's plan, in fact, when they came in mid-July to ask his help in recruiting for their program. After graciously hearing them out and before he told them of his own plan, Sullivan is reported to have remarked, "Gentlemen, I didn't know white men could be that smart."

They were not, it turned out, smart enough to beat bureaucracy, for of all the projected training programs the only one actually in operation now is the one that left government out—Leon Sullivan's. But they were smart enough to be impressed by the Negro minister's plans and enthusiasm and to see how many pressing needs might be met if his program succeeded. Philadelphia's population is twenty-seven per cent Negro, and unemployment among young Negroes runs to thirty per cent, as compared with thirteen per cent among white youths. Every young Negro who could be trained to fill a vacant skilled job would not only help local industry, he would also help defuse the smoldering charge of juvenile and interracial unrest in the city. Good citizenship would also be good business. The Chamber of Commerce told local industrialists of Sullivan's plan, and by and large they pitched in to help.

Industrial advisers helped Sullivan decide which jobs were most in demand and helped him plan courses that would give trainees the necessary specialized, up-to-date skills. For example, the Philadelphia branch of Automatic Retailers of America, who distribute food to hospitals, schools, and factories, studied the Center's original plans for training waitresses and counter girls and found the layout and equipment about ten years behind the times. They helped make new plans and paid for a large part of the streamlined kitchen and cafeteria equipment they recommended. Philco gave electronic equipment and manuals. Pennsalt and General Electric donated tools and heavy machinery for the machine-shop course.

By January, when the Center was dedicated, Philadelphia industry had contributed some quarter of a million dollars in equipment and thousands more in cash. Among others, IBM, Bell Telephone, Budd, Scott Paper, and Smith, Kline & French made large gifts. The International Ladies Garment Workers, which was helping to set up the power-sewing course, also contributed cash. Negro professional and businessmen contributed more than $50,000 and a corps of Negro women, going from door to door in their own neighborhoods, raised another $50,000 in small pledges. With this money and the backing of industry, the Center applied to the Ford Foundation for a grant of $200,000, and received it soon after classes started.

The Center was soon in full swing, with a yearly budget of $300,000 and funds to meet it. In contrast to Federal training programs, which pay subsistence allowances, the Center charges twenty-five dollars per course, mostly for the sake of the applicant's self-respect. But no one who cannot pay is turned away.

Sullivan serves as the unpaid chairman of the board, supporting his wife and three children on what he gets from his church. "It isn't hard to raise money," he has explained. "You just have to go where it is and explain what you are trying to do." Once he added, "But if I ever kept a nickel, I soon wouldn't be able to raise a dollar anywhere."

Enough, but Not Too Much

One very important factor in the success of the Center is the caliber and dedication of the instructors. Their salaries are competitive with industry and regular trade schools, for Sullivan feels that the Center must offer the best and pay for it if it is to succeed. Many of them, however, had signed up during the early planning stage to man the Center on a volunteer basis. James Hansley, for instance, who teaches drafting at night after putting in a full day at a large air-conditioning company, read about the program in the paper and volunteered his services at a mass meeting last October. Don Carroll, who teaches laboratory chemistry at night, is a chemical engineer in the research and development section at Rohm & Haas. Since he often comes directly to the Center from the job, he, like Hansley, sees less of his family than he used to. "I felt," he said recently, "that since I had reached a certain level, it was up to me to help others get there, too."

Another source of the Center's strength is its administrator, Thomas J. Ritter, a bespectacled and mild-looking young Baptist minister who for years has been Sullivan's right-hand man. Until the Center opened, Ritter, whom Sullivan always refers to as "Reverent Ritter," had been running a youth-employment service at Sullivan's church. They found jobs—mostly part-time—for a thousand young people a year, but there were always four thousand more who had no marketable skills. Ritter, who is in the Center every day and a couple of nights a week, often drops in on classes to be sure they are not

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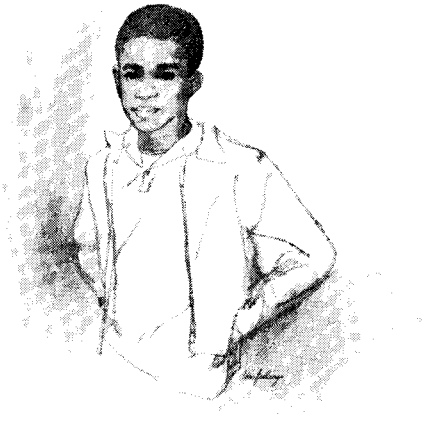
getting too academic. "We want to give them enough to function in the job they're after, but not enough to panic them," he has said. "Most of them had just about given up hope when they came here. They've got it now. We don't want to snuff it out."

The average student is twenty-seven. There are some high-school graduates and a few who have had a year or more of college, but the general academic level is below the eleventh grade and the actual achievement level closer to the sixth. The trainees have either been unemployed or have worked sporadically at some menial job. Several of the chemistry-lab students have worked around hospitals as cleaners and messengers and, watching lab technicians, harbored a secret dream that now may come true. Some of the men taking machine tooling had fallen in love with the big machines as they swabbed and swept in factories. A few of the students are on public assistance and some draw unemployment compensation, but most of them support themselves by work.

Occasionally a trainee, even after pre-testing, turns out not to be equal to the work and there are some dropouts, but attendance is running at ninety per cent and more. Often a day student is shifted to a night class or vice versa so that he can take a job and continue his training. So far, 106 trainees have left the center for paying jobs. Forty-four power sewers, twenty waitresses and counter girls, and eight draftsmen have graduated. Twenty-two others, a few from every course the Center gives, learned enough to be placed in skilled jobs before finishing the course. Twelve left simply to take paying jobs, often because they had to have the money, but they will be encouraged to return when they can. "We're more interested in their getting jobs than diplomas," Sullivan has explained.

BOTH Sullivan and Ritter are well aware that the need for specific skills is only half, perhaps less than half, the problem. Most of the students need to be taught such simple things as how to stand and sit and shake hands, how to dress and talk and present themselves acceptably. The instructors try to make the classrooms simulate real job conditions. The boys who come to drafting class are expected to come in jackets and ties befitting the white-collar status of the job, and they learn fast. Two trained guidance counselors help the students with their home problems and their anxieties, which are often considerable. Two teachers who have public-school experience work with all students who need to bring their reading, writing, spelling, grammar, and arithmetic up to snuff.

Sullivan has found that a greater familiarity with the three R's is not only badly needed among unemployed but is often *all* that is needed for some of those who come to the



Center to get a job. He has been working for some months now on a "feeder program" that could be offered to those on the Center's waiting list. The program, designed to teach the so-called communications skills, opened in the middle of October in an unused synagogue. Three hundred to four hundred—some of whom could not even read at the beginning—are attending classes five evenings a week. The feeder program, originally financed by industry, has been approved for a grant of $330,000 from the Office of Manpower, Automation and Training, so that it can serve as a pilot study in the processes of motivation. Sullivan expects an enrollment of 750 in the second three-months' course and a thousand six months from now. William Batt of the Area Redevelopment Administration recently arranged for Sullivan to spend some time in Washington talking to people from the U.S. Manpower Administration, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the poverty program, and the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency. No one doubts that a local training program designed by local leaders for their own young neighbors, dealing directly with local industry on the need for workers, can avoid most of the expensive and inefficient pitfalls of more ambitious state or national programs. But can the Center be copied in other cities?

Local leaders, mostly ministers, have sent inquiries from forty different cities, and Sullivan is currently putting on a pilot indoctrination program for ministers from Los Angeles, Washington, Richmond, and Stamford, Connecticut. A detailed manual has also been prepared. Although Sullivan himself is anything but naïve on the difficulties of expanding or transplanting his relatively small experiment, both he and Ritter are prepared to do a lot of traveling in the next year to help those who want to try.

Meanwhile the Opportunities Industrialization Center in Philadelphia, which has managed so well without government support, is going to have to learn to accept it with a minimum of disruption. One result of Batt's interest has been a $50,000 grant from the Area Redevelopment Administration to expand the program. Sullivan has plans to open other centers around the city. He had allotted three years for this development, but since last summer's riots in North Philadelphia, he feels the plans will have to be speeded up. A building has been acquired in West Philadelphia for a training center co-operating with large department stores in the city and specializing in the techniques of buying, selling, and general merchandising. It is scheduled to open early next year.

It is too soon, of course, even to guess how successfully a small concentrated effort can be expanded to cover a city of more than two million —let alone to serve as a model for the rest of the nation. But the need is certainly desperate and Sullivan, unlike many of the government officials charged with responsibility in this area, is supremely confident.

"We've found out how to do it," he said matter-of-factly, "and it's working. We'll use government funds when we can get them, but only if we can keep on doing the training the way we know it's got to be done."

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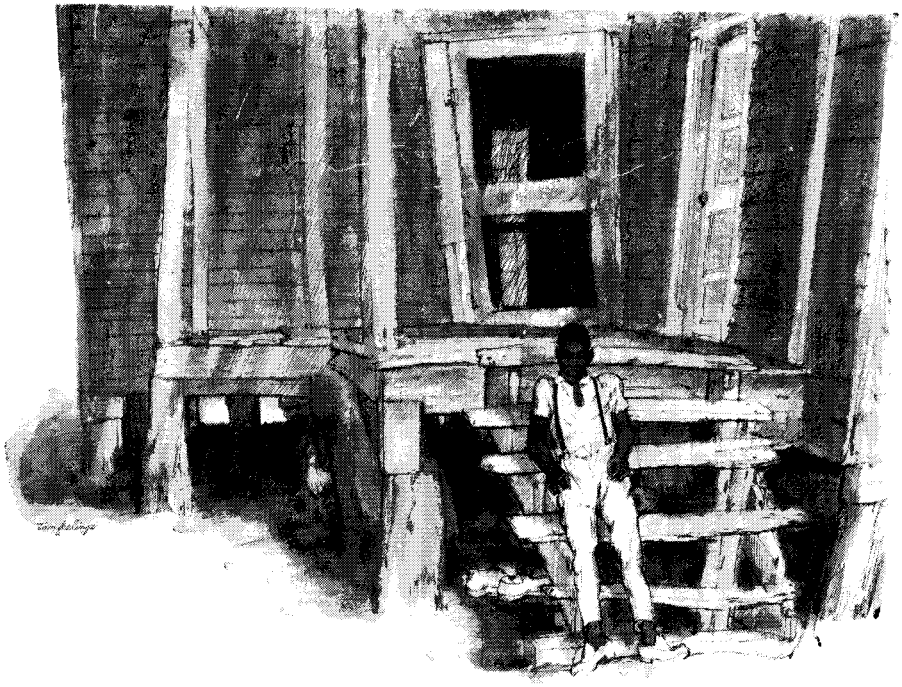

Southern Politics And the Negroes

PAUL DUKE

A FEW DAYS after November third, two Negro leaders and a prominent member of Senator Harry F. Byrd's Democratic organization conferred quietly for two hours at a Richmond hotel over the future role of Negroes in Virginia politics. The Negro spokesmen emphasized that from now on they expect to share in the rewards of patronage and to be included in policymaking councils. The message and its supporting statistic—the 140,000 Negro votes that enabled President Johnson to carry Virginia by 76,704 votes—were not lost on the representative of Senator Byrd, whose most immediate concern is shoring up his defenses against an anticipated Republican assault on the governorship next year.

The meeting was a sign of the new times in the South. With the emergence of the Negro vote as a powerful force in parts of the old Confederacy, venerable political customs are tottering. Racism is not about to disappear, but clearly it can no longer serve as the principal support of the political structure throughout the South. Moreover, the growing Negro electorate seems certain to accelerate a reshuffling of Southern alliances along the lines prevailing elsewhere in the nation, the Republican Party becoming the major voice of conservatism and the Democratic Party representing moderation and even liberalism. The ultimate consequence promises to be a truly competitive two-party system.

Winners and Losers

The most impressive evidence that this metamorphosis is already well advanced may be found in some rather striking statistics from the November 3 election. Not only did Negro votes provide President Johnson with his margins of victory in Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, and Arkansas, but exceptionally large Negro turnouts helped swell the outcome to landslide proportions in North Carolina and Texas.

Moreover, five states carried by Barry Goldwater were those with the lowest percentage of Negro registrants, where rural segregationist influences remain strongest, and where Democratic leaders deserted the national ticket in greatest numbers. While thousands of woolhat Democrats were shattering tradition to back a Republican for the first time in these states, other rural areas were giving Johnson more support than anticipated. The President swept all fifty-one counties in eastern North Carolina, carried all but four of the twenty-one Arkansas delta counties, and took fifty-nine of the sixty-two flatland counties in northern and eastern Texas. In San Jacinto County, Texas, where Negro voters outnumber whites, Johnson got 1,680 votes to Goldwater's 343.

The signs of change were also manifest in Congressional contests. While Republicans captured five House seats in Alabama, one in Georgia, and one in Mississippi on the strength of the so-called civil-rights backlash, all Democratic incumbents were re-elected in the states Johnson carried. And while seven segregationist Democrats were defeated, the nine Southern Democratic members of Congress who voted for the Civil Rights Act were all re-elected, most of them without serious difficulty.

The Negro vote has naturally had its greatest impact in large cities where there are no bars to enfranchisement. It clearly made the difference in the victories of moderate Democratic Representatives Hale Boggs of New Orleans and Charles Weltner of Atlanta. It turned what would have been cliffhanging contests into runaway triumphs for James A. MacKay, the newly elected moderate Democratic congressman from Atlanta's suburbs, and liberal Representative Richard Fulton of Nashville. Furthermore, the outpouring of Negroes voting for Johnson helped pull through some conservative Democrats not noted for their espousal of civil rights but who nonetheless backed the national ticket. Without Negro backing, Representatives Harold Cooley and Ralph Scott would have gone down in North Carolina. Cooley, chairman of the House Agriculture Committee and a veteran of thirty years in Congress, managed to eke out a 4,988-vote victory over his Republican opponent, James Gardner, with the help of a significant amount of

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Negro support, including a 3,727-321 rout in six Raleigh precincts.

ANOTHER remarkable illustration of the way Negro votes are beginning to outweigh those of segregationist whites was provided by the House contest in Tennessee's Ninth District. The district embraces Memphis, long regarded as a kind of spiritual font of the Old South. But the city has changed a good deal since the days when residents of the large Negro quarter could be herded to the polls by Boss Ed Crump to do his bidding. Memphis Negroes now constitute a generally sophisticated voting bloc of ninety-three thousand—more than three times the Negro registrants in all of Mississippi. Although custom decreed that candidates chant the customary paeans to the past, the liberal Democrat George Grider defied tradition during the Democratic primary last August when he ran against Representative Clifford Davis, a product of the old Crump machine. Grider unhesitatingly proclaimed his belief in equal rights for all, implying that he would have voted for the civil-rights bill, while Davis boasted of his vote against it. With overwhelming Negro support, Grider upset Davis.

It seemed likely that Grider would lose in the general election, however, and the first returns showed him getting only one out of three votes cast by whites and even trailing his Republican rival, Robert B. James, in low-income Democratic wards. But ninety minutes after the polls closed, returns from Negro wards began coming in and put Grider in front. He led 3,370 to 27 in one ward, for example. The Negro turnout provided about sixty-five thousand, or fifty-nine per cent, of the 109,705 votes Grider ran up in defeating James.

Other results would seem to indicate a diminishing concern about the civil-rights issue among many white voters. The 568,005 votes received by Democratic Representative Ross Bass of Tennessee in winning election to the remaining two years of the late Senator Estes Kefauver's term was negligibly less than the 570,542 total of Democratic Senator Albert Gore. Bass voted for the civil-rights bill; Gore did not. In Texas, Democrat Ralph Yarborough, who had also supported the measure, easily won another Senate term by a 324,079-vote margin, well above the approximately 225,000 Negro votes that went to him. Yarborough's Republican opponent, George Bush, tried hard to capitalize on the civil-rights vote early in the campaign, but eased up in his criticism when polls showed that the issue wasn't winning him appreciable support. The two Republican House members from Texas, Bruce Alger and Ed Foreman, both vigorous foes of the civil-rights bill, were also defeated.

A Place to Go

The importance of this ferment can hardly be underrated in a region where the race issue has been standard campaign fare for more than a century. The Richmond hotel meeting was an indication that even a conservative oligarchy that did not hesitate to use racism to solidify its power ten years ago is at least cognizant of change and might even alter its course considerably in order to stay in power. It is significant

that the Byrd organization's prospective candidate for governor, Lieutenant Governor Mills Godwin, a formulator of the discredited massive-resistance policies, has recently taken a notable turn toward racial accommodation.

Even where the race issue is still hot, there is a greater recognition of Negro power. It was no idle gesture of friendliness that led Senator Herman Talmadge of Georgia to give his private telephone number to a Negro state senator, Leroy Johnson of Atlanta. The Democratic disasters in Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, and Louisiana already have emboldened loyalists to challenge the conservative apostates, and steps to increase Negro registration figure prominently in their plans. In Alabama, where the Republican tide inundated even incumbent county judges and constables, some moderates are boldly talking of toppling Governor George Wallace from his throne. "The Democratic Party will be reorganized from top to bottom," asserted outgoing Representative Carl Elliott. "The problem has been to hold both the progressive wing and the ultraconservative wing under the same tent. Now the birth of the Republican Party in Alabama has given the ultraconservatives a place to go."

The new Republicanism of conservative Democrats in the South coincides with the tendency of Negro voters to settle down in the Democratic Party. From Reconstruction to New Deal days, most Southern Negroes were Republicans. As late as the 1950's Negroes controlled party affairs in some parts of Dixie, and the 1956 Mississippi delegation to the Republican national convention was biracial. Even though whites began taking command in the Eisenhower years, Negroes continued to vote Republican in sizable numbers, especially in the cities. A majority of Atlanta Negroes who voted in 1960 voted for Nixon. At a Republican conference in Atlanta in 1961, G.O.P. officials went out of their way to contrast the attendance of Negro delegates with a recently held white-only testimonial dinner for Senator Richard B. Russell.

BUT ALL THIS changed dramatically with the ascendancy of Goldwaterism. In many areas of the Deep South, G.O.P. units took on the trappings of Sons of the Confederacy chapters. Not only were Negroes systematically excluded from party affairs, but the watered-down civil-rights plank adopted at the San Francisco convention in July was interpreted as an open bid for segregationist votes in preference to Negro votes. Reporters traveling with Goldwater recall vividly a speech at the Knoxville airport in which the candidate spoke beneath a huge Confederate flag.

To say that this trend cost the party dear is to labor the obvious;

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but it is worth noting that Virginia, Florida, and Tennessee—all hit by the Negro avalanche—had gone Republican in every Presidential election since 1948. Consider the history of Memphis Ward 35, which gave 36 per cent of its votes to Stevenson in 1956, 67 per cent to Kennedy, and 99.4 per cent to Johnson. Many Democrats have concluded that the Goldwater candidacy has guaranteed that the vast majority of the Negro electorate will stay Democratic for a long time to come. "The Republicans had done well in keeping the Lincoln image alive in the South," according to one Democratic leader, "but to the Negro, Goldwater shot Lincoln in the head as surely as John Wilkes Booth."

While Southern Republicanism takes on overtones of white supremacy, Southern Democrats have increasingly moved to cultivate Negro voters. Except in Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana, Negroes now serve on many local Democratic committees and on some state executive groups. In a few places Negro office seekers have been nominated to run on the regular party ticket, and all the Negroes elected to city councils and legislatures in recent years have invariably been Democrats. Perhaps most remarkable of all, Negro and white straw-hatted "Johnson girls" whooped it up side by side at major campaign rallies in many Southern cities.

The Democratic national convention's directive against discrimination in conducting party business—with the threat of expulsion from the 1968 convention—is an added incentive that should help lower racial barriers in the political affairs of the Deep South. A number of Negro leaders who led nonpartisan voter-registration drives and are well known in the Negro communities have now been given field jobs with the Democratic National Committee. And in January, the committee will hold a meeting of Southern Negro leaders in Washington to make plans for a new registration drive and to draw Negro leadership even more firmly into the party.

Of 5.2 million Negroes of voting age in the eleven Southern states, approximately 2.2 million are registered and about 1.6 million voted on November 3—roughly double the number who cast ballots in 1960. By 1968, registrants will probably total more than three million, which would represent about twenty per cent of the Southern electorate. "What this year's election did was to prove to the Negro janitor and the Negro maid that they have power at the polling booth," one Southern Negro leader remarked. "I predict that Negroes will become more politically conscious in the South than in the North. It's like Jackie Robinson hitting the big leagues and giving every kid on a back alley the ambition to get there, too."

'The Pork Barrel Every Time'

The main result of the Negro's new power is likely to be a transformation of the free-for-all nature of Southern politics into the kind of pyramidal organizational structure that prevails in the North. For the most part, the South has lacked a real party system with a clearly defined chain of command. Instead politics has revolved around various factions, courthouse cliques, and dynasties of the Byrd, Talmadge, and Long type. As Georgia's newly elected Representative MacKay put it: "We haven't had a one-party South; we've had a no-party South. There's been the machinery of a two-party system but not the foundation for one."

With the region less bound to tradition and personalities, it follows that economic interests will become far more significant in deciding elections. Thus, in the rural sections carried by Johnson in Texas, Arkansas, and North Carolina, the threat to abolish farm subsidies proved more persuasive than the threat to a segregationist way of life. A Yarborough aide, analyzing the senator's strong showing in the segregationist belt, remarked: "These people are social reactionaries and economic liberals. When faced with a choice, they'll take the pork barrel every time."

Ultimately, then, the South's voting habits will not be distinguishable from those of the rest of the country, with a Democratic Party primarily for lower-income groups and a Republican Party primarily for the well-to-do.

There are signs, however, that the Republicans may inherit the North-South Democratic split over civil rights along with a number of conservative Democrats. It was, after all, the Republicans who fought over civil rights at their convention, and it is the G.O.P. that has seven new segregationist congressmen, one of whom, Georgia's Howard Callaway, has already proclaimed the repeal of the Civil Rights Act as his No. 1 objective. It was hardly a coincidence, either, that Goldwater's successes, with the exception of Georgia, were in those states that supported the 1948 States' Rights candidacy of Strom Thurmond. Or that in Georgia the Republican nominee's support was drawn principally from the same racially sensitive counties carried by the demagogical Marvin Griffin in his abortive attempt to recapture the governorship in 1962. The inescapable conclusion, as Harry Golden noted, is that many Southerners viewed the Goldwater candidacy as a last chance "for putting the Negro back in back of the bus and resegregrating the schools, restaurants, motels, parks and movie houses."

WHETHER such motivation can provide the foundation for an enduring political party is doubtful at best. If, as Herman Talmadge has suggested, the Goldwater movement consisted principally of "mad Democrats," many of those who played hooky may be back in school before long. Already there are signs that some Goldwater zealots will not stay put if a liberal Republican is nominated for President four years hence. As a Sumter County, Georgia, G.O.P. leader told Arlen J. Large of the

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Wall Street Journal: "If the Republican Party deserts us in the next four years, we'll jump the fence to something else."

Such remarks greatly disturb those Southern Republicans who want to dissociate themselves from Goldwaterism, believing that the party can ill afford either a personality cult or a futile fight to retain segregation. It was for this reason that a group of Upper South moderates dispatched a hurried message to the seven new congressmen urging them to remove racism from their political vocabulary. Robert R. Snodgrass, Republican national committeeman for Georgia until his ouster by a Goldwater faction early this year, was more blunt. "The Republican Party of Georgia cannot afford—and it must not be led by—hatemongers like the Ku Kluxers, the John Birchites, the cast-offs and has-beens of the Democratic Party," he said at a luncheon of the Atlanta Rotary Club.

Snodgrass and other moderate Republican leaders like Virginia's Robert Corber and Tennessee's Howard Baker, Jr., believe the G.O.P. must discard ante-bellum racial attitudes. Instead, they argue, the party's future should be linked to the rapid urbanization and industrialization now taking place in the region, holding onto the rising middle-class elite that is attracted to the Republicans on grounds of fiscal conservatism. Nixon, it must be remembered, carried thirty of the forty-seven major Southern cities. With the prosperous urbanites, small-town merchants, and traditional Republican pockets in the Appalachian highlands and other rural areas, the party could have the nucleus for steady growth. Within this framework of nonracial conservatism, the modern strategists are convinced that their party must find a place for Negroes as well.

But it is likely that most Southern Democrats will adjust to the changed complexion that Negro voters have given "their" party. It is more apt to be the oncoming generation of conservative Southerners that will ignore tradition and make the alignment with Northern conservatives in the Republican Party. Here there is irony indeed. For the Negro was the issue that created the one-party South, and he will be the issue that eventually destroys it.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Brazil's Adroit New Leader

MILAN J. KUBIC

RIO DE JANEIRO

SHORTLY AFTER he took office last April 15, Brazilian President Humberto Castelo Branco likened his country to a train in a long tunnel. "There is light at the end where we're going," he told a group of foreign correspondents. "But right now, we are surrounded by darkness." Today, Brazil is still far from daylight. But the blackness has thinned perceptibly, thanks to the surprising emergence of Castelo Branco as an astute, moderate, and reform-minded politician.

When the sixty-four-year-old ex-general was sworn in as interim president, he had been best known as the former army chief of staff and the commander of the National War College. While Castelo Branco had acquired a thorough grounding in the political, economic, and social problems of his country, he had never participated directly in politics. He was a scholarly personality, both as a student of Brazil's problems and as a military man. His hobby was military history, and his few published studies bore such titles as *The Tendency to Use Ground Forces in Future Wars.* So depleted was his civilian wardrobe that two days before the ceremony his aide was sent out to shop for white shirts, and tailors were busy around the clock turning out a dark business suit for his inauguration. His fellow officers respected him as a man of intellect and as the successful coordinator of the role that the military came to play in bringing to a conclusion the revolution that overthrew João Goulart, but to the party leaders and the public at large he was a political unknown.

Castelo Branco is still far from being a popular leader. His public speeches are as cut-and-dried as a military order of the day. He seems ill at ease at large civilian gatherings and his listeners regard his short, stiff figure and his wooden expression with more respect than affection. Sarcastic and witty among friends, he is coldly aloof in public.

CASTELO BRANCO'S prestige has been growing since the day he got down to work. Diplomats were impressed by his knowledgeable retort to the Czechoslovakian ambassador, who during his first call on the new president made a comparison between the United States's "generosity" toward Israel and its performance-tied aid to Brazil. "Had Czechoslovakia not retreated from its original decision in the summer of 1947 to join the Marshall Plan," Castelo Branco reportedly replied, "it would have enjoyed this 'generosity' also, don't you think?" And the break with Cuba, reversing the stand of earlier governments, was handled firmly, with a minimum of domestic repercussions.

Business and financial circles ap-

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proved the appointment of the respected economist Roberto Campos as minister of planning and supported Campos's unpopular but urgently needed austerity program for reducing inflation to thirty per cent by next year. But to everybody's amazement, the forte of Castelo Branco's administration has been his subtle handling of politics.

The first fight he faced was to stem the political purge authorized by an Institutional Act promulgated by the army, navy, and air force ministers six days before he took power. The act was drafted to permit quick removal of the Communists and the corrupt politicians who had used Goulart, or were used by him, to control the labor movement. Many of them had made their way into congress and key positions in the government where they were plotting to assume totalitarian control. But a group of zealous military commanders had given the act an unnecessarily broad interpretation, and at one point pressed for removal of half of Brazil's twenty-two governors. In the end only four were ousted.

For two months Castelo Branco used the act with restraint, aiming at an exemplary rather than wholesale application as he faced one crisis after another. Then the government opened the positive phase of its program. Northeastern landlords who interpreted the revolution as a green light to get rid of peasant organizers and to cut wages were reminded that the government was solely responsible both for the purge and for the enforcement of the minimum-wage laws. A general who put a military *interventor* in the University of Minas Gerais State was overruled three days later and shortly afterwards was transferred to the Second Army, whose commander, General Amauri Kruel, was the most moderate member of the top brass. Some ultraconservatives were kicked upstairs or retired.

Handling the Opposition

By October 9, when the punitive provisions of the Institutional Act expired, the record of the purge was remarkably mild. Of the fifteen thousand arrested immediately after the coup, only two hundred were still awaiting trial, three hundred and seventy-eight had been stripped of their civil rights for ten years, and about forty-five hundred civilian and military employees of the government—out of more than half a million—had been fired from their jobs.

The problem of Governor Carlos Lacerda of Guanabara (mostly Rio de Janeiro), whose presidential ambitions as the "heir of the revolution" have never been concealed, was handled no less adroitly. In July, when Castelo Branco's term was extended until March, 1967, Lacerda abruptly cut short a visit to the United States, flew back to Rio, and started lashing out at the purge, at the austerity program, at Castelo Branco's term extension. "The revolution may rot alone," he said. "I won't rot with it."

Castelo Branco's response was a model of self-control. He publicly acknowledged the governor's right to voice his opinions, invited him to three widely publicized private luncheons, and picked two of Lacerda's aides to run the federal housing and food-distribution agencies. Since then, Lacerda has confined his attacks to the unpopular austerity program of Roberto Campos, who is considered another possible presidential candidate in the 1966 elections.

This has left Castelo Branco free to devote his full attention to the most strife-torn place in Brazil, the glass-and-marble federal Congress Building in Brasília. The majority of its 409 deputies and sixty-six senators had fought Goulart's attempt to get rid of the legislative branch of government. Yet after the revolution, when forty leftist senators and deputies were removed, extremists on the other side started demanding that congress be closed altogether. So loud were these voices that Castelo Branco broke his customary silence and answered in a major speech.

"You have heard [demands that] congress be subjugated and even eliminated so that the revolution would have a free hand to be arbitrary," he said last August. "The fact is that had this not been prevented . . . the consequences would have been most serious. . . . Soon we would have reached the stage of a police system fencing the country by a circle of force and oppression."

To show that the housecleaning job could be done without excesses, Castelo Branco developed an effective leadership formula with just the right amounts of toughness, shrewdness, and leniency. In forming his government, he agreed to a Social Democratic vice-president, thus gaining the backing of the 120 PSD deputies who had supported Goulart's assumption of presidential power. Instead of outlawing Goulart's Labor Party (PTB), he asked its 115 deputies to back his more responsible versions of agrarian, bank, administrative, and other reforms for which the party had stood since its formation. The third largest bloc, the ninety-four deputies of the anti-Goulart National Democratic Union (UDN), was officially labeled "the pillar of the revolution" and its key members were appointed government leaders in congress.

In his working relations with the legislature, the president impressed friends and foes by lengthy consultations with all leaders of opinion before introducing important proposals, and by the personal interest with which he followed the progress of each bill. But he refused to bargain for votes, and he stuck to his moderate reformism. Many of the conservative UDN went into a *de facto* opposition. But the bulk of the Social Democrats stayed with the government despite the purge of their leader, former President Juscelino Kubitschek, and one-third of the PTB disregarded the party line and swung behind the president. Deputy Clemens Sampaio, the PTB whip and leader of the government bloc of the party, explained why: "Castelo Branco is honest, intelligent, and hard-working. His intentions are the best, his goals progressive, and his methods acceptable. He respects us, and he is a real democrat. What more can we ask?"

This appeal has been broad enough to give Castelo Branco a shifting base of up to 250 votes, forty more than needed for most legislation. During the first seven months of his government, the congress set a new record by adopting 237 laws and constitutional amendments. Included among them were a new voting system that empowers the congress to decide a presidential election in which no candidate has won a majority, a land-reform

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amendment that makes noncommissioned officers eligible for elective posts, an increase in taxes, and a public housing program. With the exception of a defeated amendment to enfranchise illiterates, the government program has fared well.

Shopping for $1 Billion

Can Castelo Branco lead Brazil out of the long tunnel? The government's fiscal policy has so far been courageous and effective. Despite bitter criticism, the costly subsidies of wheat, newsprint, and petroleum were withdrawn a few days after Castelo Branco's inauguration, and all ministries were ordered to cut expenses by a third. These savings and increased tax collections helped reduce inflation from the monthly rate of eight per cent under Goulart to about four per cent today. Encouraged, the World Bank resumed loan negotiations that had been suspended since 1958, and the International Monetary Fund gave its approval to Campos's principle of gradual inflation control. Campos believes that Brazil's chances for securing the $1 billion in credits needed for the next two years are good.

But only improvement in the standard of living can compensate the workers for the government freeze on wage increases. And only drastic reductions in the heavily padded government payrolls, still largely intact, can reduce the inflationary federal deficits. But by far the most important task ahead is application of the land-reform amendment, skillfully maneuvered by Castelo Branco through congress over heavy conservative opposition. The new law is aimed at the unproductive medieval landholding system that keeps half of Brazil's eighty million inhabitants in poverty and ignorance, chronically threatening social unrest.

Castelo Branco seems determined to see it through. "Only reforms can give this revolution the thrust and the continuity needed by the future of this country," he said in a recent speech. If his efforts succeed, Castelo Branco will be remembered as one of Brazil's greatest leaders. If they fail, there will be a confrontation between extremists of the Left and the Right.

Of Cars and Steel And Tottering Guideposts

THOMAS R. BROOKS

According to the latest styles in labor negotiations, unions no longer strike for higher wages, managements readily put up cash, the battle is primarily over work rules, and both sides blithely disregard the wage-and-price "guideposts" set up by the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Economists for both industry and labor were convinced from the start that market conditions rather than governmental exhortations would determine bargaining behavior. Nevertheless, President Lyndon B. Johnson recently urged the United Steelworkers and the twelve Big Steel producers, who are on the point of opening negotiations, "to reach a new agreement without a strike and without labor cost and price increases." The President clearly intends to stand by his wage and price policy. The steel negotiations will thus provide a major test of voluntary restraints in economic planning and show once and for all whether the administration's guideposts represent anything more than pious hopes.

What are the guideposts and how seriously have they been taken in the past? In 1962, the President's Council of Economic Advisers declared, "The general guide for noninflationary wage behavior is that the rate of increase in wage rates (including fringe benefits) in each industry be equal to the trend rate of over-all productivity increase." This figure has been set at 3.2 per cent per annum. As a guide to noninflationary "price behavior," the Advisers felt that prices should be reduced if a company's productivity was higher than the average rate of growth, raised if the company rate was below average, and unchanged if the company was right on the button. Exceptions were noted to cover the need to attract capital or labor. Enforcement of the guideposts was to be left to "voluntary compliance" backed by "public awareness."

The guideposts were established in a period of relative economic stability, and since then both prices and wages have risen generally in accord with the general rise in productivity. In a sense, therefore, the Council merely formulated an existing condition. The guideposts seemed to be enforceable because there was no strong disposition on the part of the unions to make large wage demands—the emphasis has been on "improvements" and job security—and because business was not in a position to raise prices. In the spring of 1962, an agreement that provided for no wage increases was reached in the steel industry, and President Kennedy repelled an industry attempt at upsetting the guideposts by what he regarded as an untoward price increase. In 1963, the steel industry adopted an extended-vacation plan—thirteen weeks off for the top fifth of the work force each year for five years—that was reckoned as being well within the guideposts, and this was the pattern in a majority of labor settlements during the guideposts' first two years.

Conscious of the auto industry's high profits and the UAW's determination to win a record settlement, the Council of Economic Advisers once again urged restraint: "At a time when our national capabilities for responsible price and wage making may undergo a more serious test than in recent years, the most constructive private policy would be to arrive at price decisions and wage bargains consistent with the general guideposts." President Johnson also expressed his concern on this point, and the stage was set for this fall's auto negotiations.

Money Is No Object

The automobile manufacturers declined an obvious gambit. Conceivably, they could have opposed the UAW's demand for a "whopping" package by rallying to defend the

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guideposts. But the companies put up little or no fight against the union's demands for more. Chrysler led off for the companies with a thirty-nine-cent offer, said to be at the guidepost figure. Then, with what some businessmen considered indecent haste, Chrysler acceded to UAW President Walter Reuther's demand for fifteen cents more in "hard money." By hitting first at Chrysler, which was especially anxious to avoid a strike and hang onto the larger share of the auto market secured by its recent comeback, Reuther scored something of a coup. Some say that he actually won a larger economic package than he had expected. He also gained leverage for negotiations with the other companies. Since the UAW had a stake in Chrysler's comeback, concessions on some noneconomic items forestalled the local walkouts that later plagued General Motors and Ford. Before Reuther was through, sizable gains, notably improved pensions and early retirement provisions, were all neatly wrapped in separate packages with varying price tags at Chrysler, Ford, and General Motors. The increases averaged about 4.9 per cent of the industry's labor costs.

Clearly, the wage guidepost of 3.2 per cent had been exceeded by an additional 1.7 per cent. Just as clearly, it had been done with the industry's blessing. During the negotiations Reuther had charged that profits were so high that the industry could easily meet his demands and even cut prices somewhat, and apparently he was not far from the truth. At any rate, the companies agreed to absorb the immediate inflationary consequence of the economic package, at least for a year, by holding the line on 1965 car prices. "This is a big piece," Ford's vice-president for labor relations, Malcolm L. Denise, told the press after his firm settled with the union. "We've gulped it down and we are going to try and digest it."

Political considerations may have dictated the industry's decision to "digest it"—at least for 1965. To raise prices in the middle of a Presidential campaign without first contesting the union's economic demands ran the risk of drawing public attention to the industry's pricing system. For its part, the White House viewed the

auto settlements as a "unique" case to be judged in the context of "very high profits" and not, it seems, within the context of the guideposts, which theoretically would have demanded price reductions some time ago. The wage and benefit record for 1964, the White House statement added, "will show an average increase reasonably close to the guidepost levels." Close perhaps, but an exception had obviously been made.

SINCE the auto industry could not —or at best chose not to—pass on to consumers its increases in labor costs, it turned inward, seeking savings that would maintain its pricing formula. And although Chrysler kept its plants open, General Motors was shut down for thirty-one days and Ford for twenty as a result of a struggle over what are essentially work rules.

In the eyes of management, control over work assignments, production standards, and similar matters means greater efficiency and savings in costs; for the worker, control over the job means greater ease at work, personal dignity, and possibly a larger measure of security in an age of automation. Workers at G.M., who were expected to push for more money in a traditional trade-union fashion in response to rising profits, balked instead at the company's attempts to tighten up work practices and to increase the work load. The auto companies were ready enough to put up the cash to meet the union's requests for improvements in health and welfare benefits, to increase the annual improvement factor in the third year of the agreement from 2.5 per cent to 2.8 per cent, and to continue a cost-of-living allowance that is expected to add ten cents over three years to the basic auto hourly wage of $3.01. If the companies have their way, these changes will be more than made up for by technological changes and tighter work practices.

The union, to be sure, was attempting to secure changes in work rules that would tend to reduce productivity at the same time the companies were hoping to tighten things up. But no matter how you slice it, it was how the work gets done rather than how much a man gets paid for doing it that mattered most in the automobile industry, especially among Ford and G.M. employees. As a UAW staff member put it, "The strikes expressed their dissatisfaction with the union's lack of power in the plant to solve job problems." This same dissatisfaction is evidenced by the almost complete turnover in the leadership of the union's G.M. locals over the last several years. The walkout probably eased the situation by letting off steam and by eliminating a backlog of twenty-four thousand grievances ranging from excessive overtime to the ratio of relief men to the assembly-line work force. But this is still very definitely the place where the shoe pinches.

'That's Their Business'

The same general dissatisfaction with job conditions evidenced in the G.M. and Ford shutdowns has been showing up in the steel mills. Indeed, there are those within the Johnson administration who view this sort of unrest with considerably more dismay than they show over any possible breach of the wage and price guideposts in steel.

I. W. Abel, secretary-treasurer of the United Steelworkers, announced on November 7 that he would oppose David J. McDonald's bid for re-election as president of the Steelworkers in a membership referendum on February 9. Since the union has announced that formal negotiations will begin in mid-December, leaving it free to strike at the end of four and a half months, the election falls right in the middle of negotiations. Both Abel and McDonald belittle the notion that their contest will have any effect on the negotiations. But it is difficult to see how some of the more pressing issues can be kept out of the campaign, and there is certainly more talk of "local working conditions" now than there was when delegates at the union's September convention drew up a

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program demanding a hefty—but unspecified—wage increase and "total job security." As in the automobile negotiations, it is "local working conditions" rather than questions of money that is most apt to produce strikes.

"Here is where the real impact of the auto settlements will be felt in steel," an AFL-CIO official has predicted. "As a result of the UAW's gains in the area of working conditions, some of the steel union leadership feels that it has got to get off its rear end and do something." While Abel has been cautious so far about outlining in public his campaign against McDonald, his supporters have been far from reticent. Walter J. Burke, director of USW District 32 in Wisconsin and candidate on the Abel slate for secretary-treasurer, makes no bones about his belief that the Steelworkers ought to allow local unions the right to strike over production standards, as the UAW does now. In steel, once the basic contract is signed, the locals are bound by a no-strike agreement. The steelworkers complain that this ties their hands when it comes to fighting off company attempts at speed-up. Such feelings may not only upset McDonald's hold over the union but may also result in a major bargaining crisis, possibly the first in the Johnson administration.

IN STEEL as in autos, there is no disposition to quarrel over direct money items, either in wages or in some form of extended job security. Roger Blough, chairman of U.S. Steel, has indicated his belief that some sort of settlement could be reached without disruption. To be sure, this was before Abel announced his candidacy, but even that has not changed management's expectations that it will have to come up with a larger package than those offered in 1962 and 1963, when there were no wage increases at all.

As for the wage and price guideposts, the steel union has already declared, in a convention policy statement that is nothing if not explicit on this point: "The effort to restrain wages by a single-factor formula of productivity growth holds a lid on purchasing power which is vitally needed to stimulate demand and to encourage greater investment expenditures by businessmen. Wages are an important source of consumer income, and consumer expenditures are a vital compound of total spending." And on the matter of prices, McDonald told reporters: "We never get into that area; that's their [the steel companies'] business." Early this fall, Joseph L. Block, chairman of Inland Steel and the only industry figure who approved President Kennedy's course in the steel-price ruckus of 1962, said that steel prices may rise soon. Other industry spokesmen chimed in, pointing to a possible increase in early 1965. President Johnson reacted by stating his conviction that any increases in steel prices would be difficult to justify. So far, most of the industry's spokesmen have withheld comment on the President's cautionary statement. "We have nothing to say about it," Blough replied to press inquiries. In private, those who have the responsibility for setting steel prices reveal that while they expect the President to talk the way he does, they don't necessarily take him very seriously.

Perhaps Block has stated the industry's view most succinctly: "Despite the favorable earnings reports in comparison with earlier depressed periods, steel earnings are certainly inadequate in relation to investment capital. Prices should be determined by the free play of the market and in no other way. Individual producers are the best judges of competitive conditions, including the impact of imported steel and all other factors." One industry spokesman has stated flatly, "I don't know of any company that expects to use the guideposts as a basis for negotiations."

All in all, therefore, it appears that the wage and price guideposts will get short shrift from both the steel industry and the steel union in 1965. What this signifies for the rest of the economy remains to be seen.

Tshombe's Four Hundred

PETER SCHMID

LEOPOLDVILLE

IT WAS LIKE a chapter of medieval history. Four hundred armed men had, in the space of some twelve weeks, altered the course of events in a territory the size of Western Europe. In late August, when Premier Moïse Tshombe of the Congo recruited four hundred white mercenaries, most of them from the Union of South Africa, the eastern fourth of the country had fallen under control of rebel groups. By November, most of the major roads and airfields had been recaptured by mercenary units backed—at a safe distance—by troops of the Congolese National Army. The rebel leaders in Stanleyville were in trouble and were holding hundreds of Europeans and Americans as hostages.

Reports concerning the men who had brought about such a remarkable change in the country were as confused as everything else in the Congo. It was said that they were killing and looting indiscriminately —and that they were restraining the Congolese soldiers from committing atrocities: that they were fighters

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seasoned in guerrilla wars from Indochina to Kenya—and that they were malcontent striplings who felt they had been sold a bill of goods by Tshombe's recruiters.

Not long ago I spent the night with a patrol of forty mercenaries commanded by a South African lieutenant named George. They were bivouacked outside Uvira, a village at the north end of Lake Tanganyika. The night before, this little band had driven off an attack by several hundred rebels who were trying to recapture the road from Uvira to the border of the kingdom of Burundi, the rebels' escape route and link with their Red Chinese advisers.

A DOZEN mercenary commandos were sitting under a crude shelter of corrugated iron and canvas, drinking whisky by the flickering light of a hurricane lamp. The air was heavy with the stench of fifty rebel dead whose bodies were heaped by the roadside. A week earlier, these followers of the rebel leader Gaston Soumailot had fought the mercenaries for control of Uvira, a key point in Kivu Province, and had been driven out. The only major rebel stronghold remaining was Stanleyville. I asked George if another rebel attack could be expected.

"We're safe for the night," he said. "They don't dare attack us. But tomorrow if another Congolese Army unit is brought up all hell will break loose. The rebels will attack the regulars, who will run. Then we'll be moved up and the rebels will run. Half the time we never get to a real fight at all." He gestured disdainfully at heaps of empty cartridge cases littering the scene. "Last night the Congolese fired at nothing without stopping and when their ammunition was gone they turned tail to Bukavu."

George was a stout, graying man who looked like a bookkeeper, which was just what he had been until he heard about Tshombe's offer —$840 per month, half to be paid to his bank in South Africa. George had served as a sergeant in a South African regiment in Ethiopia and Italy during the Second World War and had made lieutenant just before its end. As a civilian his prospects had not been bright. "But if I serve here for a year," he told me, "I'll be able to buy a bit of land in Natal."

Some of the others drinking in the shelter had more experience than George. Three had learned the art of jungle warfare with the Foreign Legion forces in Africa. Others had already fought Communist guerrillas in Malaya and the Mau Mau in Kenya. They gave George no special deference for his rank. In an operation of this sort, where combat methods are a matter of constant improvisation, the more experienced men simply assumed leadership, regardless of rank. They also helped weed out the drug addicts, the romantics who cracked under fire, and the hopelessly inexperienced. Of seven hundred white mercenaries who turned up at the poorly organized training camp at Kamina, only four hundred remained to fight, and some of these had never handled a military weapon.

It was a kind of on-the-job training for the young men; they learned from the veterans as they went along. Even weapons had to be improvised, for it is one of the ironies of this campaign that the feckless Congolese troops parade with modern weapons, while the mercenaries drew cast-off equipment at Kamina. Within weeks, however, they had armed themselves with weapons captured from the rebels, most of it Congolese Army issue the rebels in their turn had taken from the regulars. The mercenaries even stole from the regulars: George's commandos had picked up an abandoned tank and were refusing to turn it back to the army.

The Cruel War

The green hands soon learned not to be squeamish about killing and looting. "When we attack a village, we have no time to ask who is a rebel and who is not. We come in with our guns up and we blast everything," one South African braggart told me. And as for looting, another argued, since the Congolese regulars who bring up the rear grab everything in sight, the commandos in the van might as well take first pick of the spoils. He said the first garrison of Congolese troops at Uvira deserted their posts not only from fear but also because they wanted to get their loot out on trucks.

In this war there are no prisoners. To be wounded means death. To those who have seen the horror of blacks fighting blacks—and both sides of the Congo disorders offer hair-raising examples—even the cruelty of the colonialists and the mercenaries seems mild. Actually, I learned, the mercenaries have tempered the cruelty of the Congolese troops on occasion. At Uvira, for example, the regulars were lining up the whole population of the village to be shot as collaborators with the rebels. It was the South Africans who prevented a slaughter.

CONGOLESE REGULARS occupy the towns as the mercenaries move ahead, but in the countryside the rebels sift back again. In time they may retake the towns too, for four hundred mercenaries cannot be everywhere at once. The task of holding the rebel provinces must be done by the Congolese Army—and this they are now unprepared to do.

The former Belgian rulers recruited their Force Publique from riff-raff with little if any schooling. The few intelligent recruits were usually unruly misfits. Blacks were not allowed promotion to officer ranks. After independence and the 1960 mutiny which led to the dismissal of those Belgian officers who had stayed on, the chief troublemakers in the ranks were rewarded with commissions. Since then the Congolese Army has been in chaos.

Loyalties change quickly. Many regulars have deserted to the rebels. The battalions now defending Bukavu served under Antoine Gizenga's leftist régime in Stanleyville, then with the central government after his arrest. The best unit, General Joseph Mobutu's battalion of Israel-trained paratroopers, remains in Léopoldville to protect the government.

Tshombe is trying to form the nucleus of an elite battalion in the military base at Kitona. Recruits are required to have a grade-school education, a command of French, no record of arrest, and to be unmarried. Training is in the hands of Belgian regular officers and noncoms, and whites and blacks eat in the same mess hall. Eventually, these elite troops will form an officer corps; today they are raw recruits. In the absence of any other disciplined force, the mercenaries, more of whom are being recruited, expect to be employed for some time.

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The War on Poverty: The First Skirmish

ALFRED L. MALABRE, JR.

THE "Great Society" that President Johnson wants to build in America faces a great and stubborn problem: unemployment. A growing number of economists are becoming convinced that joblessness will continue to trouble the nation, even if the already brisk pace of business speeds up considerably. These analysts regard the administration's efforts to deal with the situation as seriously inadequate. They fear that unless measures are soon initiated that are far more sweeping than anything now on the books, in a few years unemployment will become an even graver national problem than it is today.

The surface statistics of unemployment are well known. Through most of this year, slightly more than five per cent of the nation's labor force has been unable to find jobs. In absolute terms, this comes to roughly four million job seekers, more than the population of Chicago. This may seem a large army of unemployed, and it is; but the fact is the 1964 jobless rate is approximately the same as the level that has prevailed in five of the last six years. The single exception was 1961, a recession year, when unemployment hit nearly seven per cent.

What disturbs many economists about the current unemployment level isn't so much the rate itself; it is rather that so much unemployment persists after so many months of business expansion. Invigorated by such stimulants as the recent tax cut, the economy is enjoying its strongest rise in peacetime history. Industrial production, a yardstick not easily distorted by inflation because it denotes factories' physical output, has climbed almost steadily for more than a year. Corporate profits, personal income, and capital spending are among the many other economic barometers that say business is good and will get still better.

Yet today's unemployment rate is barely below the level that existed well before the recent tax cut. In the late summer of 1963, for example, when industrial production was nearly ten percentage points lower than now, the unemployment rate was about the same as today. Such persistent joblessness in the face of rapidly improving business prompted a high-ranking Labor Department economist to declare: "I'm very much afraid the whole administration attack on unemployment will fall flat on its face unless bold new steps are taken, and I personally don't see any evidence of major new action at the policymaking level."

The Blunt-edged Weapons

The chief weapon in the administration's attack on unemployment, as it now stands, is the tax cut. In theory, it will be such a spur to business that enough new jobs will open up not only to absorb new entrants into the labor force but also many persons who can't find work now. The other major administration weapon is the much-publicized anti-poverty program, a $784-million Federal effort to train and otherwise assist many of the nation's jobless. By such means, the administration hopes to trim unemployment soon to an "interim" goal of four per cent.

There can be little doubt that the tax cut has stimulated business. But it is also quite apparent that it has failed to reduce unemployment and indeed may eventually have a negative effect. The current jobless rate is only a fraction of a percentage point lower than in February, when the

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measure was enacted. Moreover, many economists are now beginning to fear that the tax cut, as it continues to pump more money into the hands of consumers and corporations, will bring on sharp inflation long before it brings unemployment down to anything like the four per cent level. The prospect of still more tax reductions in the year ahead, such as a $2.6-billion reduction in Federal excise taxes, only adds to their concern.

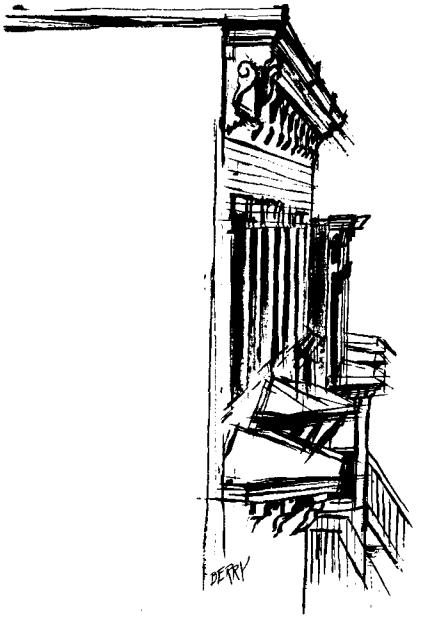
They make the point, for instance, that the unused capacity of the nation's factories is already rapidly dwindling. Manufacturers are using nearly ninety per cent of their full production facilities, according to studies by the Federal Reserve Board. That is almost four percentage points more than just before the tax cut went through, and about a dozen points above the operating rate early in 1961, at the start of the current expansion. Once the ninety per cent level is reached, history shows, rapid inflation often follows, as producers become unable to meet customers' demands and old, high-cost facilities are pressed into use. In 1956, the most recent year when ninety per cent of the nation's production potential was in operation, the cost of living was rising three times as fast as now.

The anti-poverty program as it now stands certainly won't cause inflation to flare. Indeed, many analysts doubt that it is likely to have very much impact of any kind. In the words of one government economist, the anti-poverty drive adds up to a "highly overpublicized drop in the bucket." The program's key job-training effort, the so-called Job Corps, will cover only thirty thousand trainees over the next year.

EVEN Federal action on a much vaster scale than the anti-poverty program, however, would encounter difficult obstacles, many analysts contend. For the roots of the unemployment problem facing President Johnson appear to extend far beyond matters of economic growth and training. Involved also are questions of attitude—of the job seekers themselves, of educators, of business and government, and of union leaders. There are no tidy statistics that can spell this out succinctly.

Nevertheless, a pattern can be pieced together. Take, for example, a recent incident at a Newark center set up as a Federal pilot project to find new ways to combat teen-age joblessness. Anxious to help unemployed local youths find jobs, social workers at the center arranged a short program to train them to become waiters. The idea seemed sure-fire, for Newark papers were full of help-wanted ads for waiters and waitresses. But the course never got started. "There simply weren't enough youngsters who wanted to wait on table," a social worker said. "That sort of work simply doesn't have the necessary glamor expected nowadays, and many youngsters would just as soon remain unemployed." The incident at Newark is by no means unique, talks with dozens of social workers across the country indicate.

Nine of every ten American schools give no practical training for jobs in industry but concentrate instead on college preparation. Yet only about a fifth of the nation's young people ever get all the way through



college. A similar misallocation: approximately a third of the funds being spent on vocational education are for agricultural training, although only one trainee in ten actually ends up doing farm work. The dearth of practical instruction in high school is a major reason many youths drop out of school, social workers maintain. It also may help explain the dismal fact that nine of every ten dropouts corraled back into the classroom drop out again.

Coupled with the disdainful attitude of some of the nation's unemployed is the apparent indifference of many businessmen. Some time ago, social workers at the same Newark project where the waiter course collapsed sent local employers questionnaires asking what sort of job training they considered most appropriate for the area's unemployed youths. More than half the executives queried didn't even send back the questionnaires. "We finally got the replies up over fifty per cent by follow-up phone calls and letters," one social worker at the center told me. "Several employers noted they were under no legal obligation to fill out the forms and, in effect, told us they couldn't be bothered." A few companies, including Standard Oil of New Jersey and Carson Pirie Scott, the large Chicago retailer, have recently gone out of their way to hire jobless youths. But these companies are a very small minority.

The University of Pennsylvania's noted labor mediator, Dr. George Taylor, suggests that executives might grow "a little tolerant of featherbedding." He deplores what he calls the "absurd incongruity" of corporations "fighting to stamp out unnecessary jobs" and then, as in the steel industry, "allowing very costly thirteen-week vacations" to the remaining employees. Only partly facetiously, Dr. Taylor proposed that companies put "thousands" of unemployed persons to work running automatic elevators.

Nor, it should be noted, are businessmen the sole champions of the drive to eradicate featherbedding in all its forms. Only last month, for example, Defense Secretary McNamara announced what amounts to a Federal anti-featherbedding drive that will ultimately close or consolidate military facilities stretching from the Brooklyn Naval Shipyard to the Mare Island Naval Shipyard in California, a cutback that will lop more than 63,000 workers from the government payroll. Though the immediate effect is to worsen the unemployment situation, in the long run the cutback may benefit the economy if, as Federal officials have implied, some of

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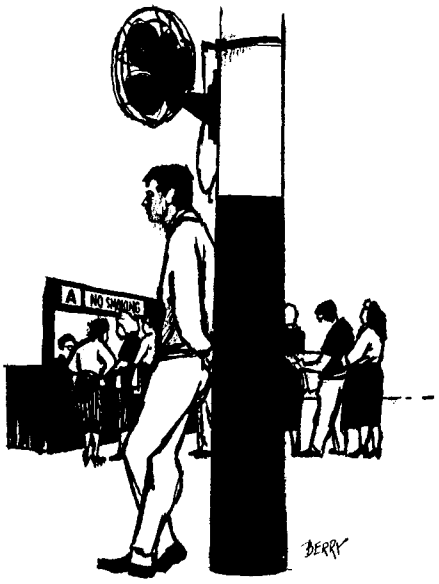
the abandoned bases are used as centers to retrain the nation's jobless.

Teeming Teen-agers

The unemployment problem is aggravated by the frequently misdirected efforts of many union officials and school administrators. There is little question that labor's demands for higher minimum wage rates, for instance, prompt many companies simply to eliminate jobs that teen-agers and other low-skill job seekers could perform. According to Eli E. Cohen, executive secretary of the National Committee on Employment of Youth, a nonprofit New York agency, a large New York retail chain recently "dismissed hundreds of teen-agers and switched to self-service" because of an increase in the state's minimum wage rate to $1.25 hourly from $1.15.

A glance at some statistics on teen-agers suggests the sort of obstacles the administration must overcome if it is to win the battle against unemployment. Next year, a record 3.7 million of them—the first great wave of the postwar baby boom—will turn eighteen, the age when many youths start seriously seeking work. That is fully one million more than are turning eighteen this year, and population projections show the higher rate will continue indefinitely. This imminent stampede of teen-agers into the labor force means that the nation's economy must provide some twenty million more jobs in the next ten years if unemployment is to be held down. The projected increase, amounting to some two million additional jobs annually, is more than twice the nation's actual job growth of about 900,000 a year over the last dozen years. (Despite the current boom, only about one million more jobs are available today than twelve months ago.) The bleak logic of these figures recently led an economist at the National Industrial Conference Board, a nonprofit and reasonably impartial business research group, to observe: "It would take a fantastic speedup in business to create so many more jobs; I just don't see that sort of growth in the cards."

The teen-ager influx is more than simply a matter of numbers. The types of jobs most suitable for many young people are the very jobs being eliminated by automation. Comparatively unscathed by automation, white-collar jobs have increased by some fifty per cent in the postwar era to more than thirty-one million. But farm and blue-collar jobs, generally demanding less skill, have actually declined in the same span, so that there are now some 3.5 million more white-collar than blue-collar and farm jobs combined. If most teen-agers were moving on to college, automation's impact would be less of a problem; the current record volume of help-wanted ads suggests



that the economy abounds with jobs for persons with full educations. The government estimates, however, that only about half of the youths graduating from high school in the spring of 1965 will enter college. For high-school dropouts, of course, the impact of automation is especially severe. Social workers calculate that about half of those who do manage to get jobs work as common laborers. Such work represents a fast-disappearing segment of total employment as machines take over most heavy chores. Laboring jobs, in fact, now account for less than ten per cent of the nation's total employment.

Besides the teen-agers about to flood the labor market, a record number of women, most of them housewives, are seeking jobs. At present, nearly four of every ten American women over fourteen years old are in the labor force. This ratio is as high as during the Second World War and well above the one-in-three ratio that prevailed through the early postwar years. There is some hopeful speculation that many working wives will return to housekeeping when the teen-age wave begins to pound the job market next year. But most economists share the view of "Now that the housewife has had a taste of the business world, she finds she likes it and isn't about to yield her hard-won position to anybody." A Labor Department employment specialist flatly forecasts: "The percentage of women either working or looking for work will continue to grow, and may even increase at a faster rate than at present." And the acceleration, if it materializes, undoubtedly will stem in part from the fact that many mothers will no longer be tied to the home—as their children turn eighteen and begin to strike out on their own.

Obviously, it is much easier to list all the reasons why unemployment may bedevil efforts to build the Great Society than it is to offer constructive suggestions on how the problem should be met. Many economists are quick to note the inadequacies of current administration plans, but few step forward with alternate proposals. One analyst who has spoken up is Murray S. Wernick, a senior economist at the Federal Reserve Board. Addressing a business convention in Philadelphia recently, speaking only for himself, he declared: "The current situation is comparable to the end of the World War II, when a large number of inexperienced young men were pushed onto the labor force from the armed forces. At that time, because of our special concern with veterans, the G.I. Bill of Rights was passed; it very successfully provided millions of these veterans with the means of adjusting and fitting into an expanding economy. A similar program is urgently needed now." The G.I. Bill pumped $16.5 billion into preparing youths for jobs—more than twenty times the amount earmarked for the anti-poverty drive.

The administration's present plans, according to Wernick, are "much too narrow," and their woeful inadequacy will make it impossible for the nation to achieve even the "interim" unemployment goal of four per cent.

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The Philippines Can't Be Taken for Granted

DENIS WARNER

MANILA

HIGH U.S. OFFICIALS in Southeast Asia draw heavily on the Cuban crisis of October, 1962, to illustrate how a combination of massive military and diplomatic pressures may be applied to prevent war or to deter aggression. It has become almost an article of faith that in the Cuban experience are to be found the lessons that can bring the crisis in Vietnam to a successful conclusion. "To bluff is to fail," according to one senior official whose advice is heeded in Washington. "We have more power than we need in Southeast Asia. Our only real problem is to make known our absolute determination to use that power, if need be, to prevent the Communists taking over South Vietnam."

This is a good deal easier said than done. It is questionable whether Washington, by a simple show of force of determination, can persuade Hanoi, Peking, post-Khrushchev Moscow, or even some of its allies that it is in deadly earnest about an area that is demonstrably less vital than Cuba to the immediate security of the United States. But if the attempt is to be made, the military bases at Clark Field and Subic Bay in the Philippines will be essential. Whatever the outcome of the struggle in Vietnam may be, the importance of these bases and of the Philippines in general is unlikely to diminish. Unless and until there is a Sino-American *modus vivendi*, the United States will continue to be heavily dependent on a friendly, stable ally in these seven thousand islands that stretch along the southeastern rim of the Asian mainland.

If it were deprived of the bases here and forced back to the second line in the Marianas, the United States could not realistically expect to exert any meaningful influence in Southeast Asia. In fact, the strategic importance of the Philippines, so necessary to the control of the western Pacific in the event of a major war, and no less important in the deterrence of Communist arsonists ready to spread brushfire wars of "national liberation," will increase year by year as Peking develops its nuclear capability.

Is 'Parity' Neo-Colonialism?

In the three years that have passed since Diosdado Macapagal became president on a platform that was essentially pro-American, there have been occasions when the traditional friendship of the Philippines for the United States and even the permanence of the U.S. bases have appeared in serious doubt. Before the U.S. Congress changed its mind in 1962 and accepted a $73-million Filipino claim for wartime damages, Macapagal had canceled a state visit to Washington, pointedly changed his country's independence day from July 4 to June 12, and vigorously denounced the United States for its "incomprehensible" policy in Laos. On all sides at that time, the clamor of the habitually anti-American minority was lost amid the now equally anti-American outcries of the usually pro-American majority. Though the hubbub soon quieted down, a succession of issues since has caused frequent new outbursts.

The Philippines has also shown a new and sometimes disconcerting independence in international affairs. Its dispute with Britain and Malaysia over North Borneo ended a fledgling but hopeful regional economic and social alliance, the Association of Southeast Asia (the Philippines, Thailand, and Malaya). If the Philippines failed to go all the way in backing Indonesia's confrontation of Malaysia, it nevertheless went far enough to put its signature to an agreement on trade and economic co-operation designed to put firm economic pressure on Singapore and to agree not to use collective defense to serve the interests of any of the major powers.

The latest cause for dissension is "parity"—or the granting of broad economic rights to American business firms—and much will be heard of it from the Nacionalistas, with their commitment to Filipino First policies and preference for Filipino citizens in business and commercial dealings. The Trade Act, which the Philippine congress ratified on the eve of independence in 1946, assured the closest trading relations between the Philippines and the United States for twenty-eight years, including eight years of free trade. This act was amended by the Laurel-Langley Agreement of 1955, under which the parity rights became reciprocal and the Philippines obtained, in addition to currency and exchange controls, power to impose quantitative restrictions or quotas, acceleration in the rate at which Philippine tariff duties could be imposed on American imports, and a slowdown of the tightening of quotas on Philippine duty-free exports to the United States. Even now, however, in comparison with the trading relationships between Britain and its former colonies, the United States continues to enjoy a position of unusual trading favor. Many Filipinos have resented this "neo-colonialism" ever since the Trade Act was ratified.

The Retail Trade Nationalization

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Law has given them one opportunity to show this resentment. Designed originally to squeeze the Chinese out of their dominating middleman position in the commercial life of the Philippines, the law, which became effective last spring, gave a ten-year period of grace to enable those displaced by its provisions to find new means of earning their livelihood. While the Chinese, knowing what was in store for them, set about looking for convenient loopholes and fronts by which they might continue their business, many Americans and some large-scale American concerns, which would have spurned the thought that they were in the retail trade, found themselves victimized by the interpretation that any company which could not prove that its stock or that of its parent company was owned entirely by Filipinos or Americans was disqualified from doing business. Since this included great international corporations like Standard Oil, Firestone, and International Harvester, the situation was not only absurd but clearly in violation of the Laurel-Langley Agreement.

With the Nacionalista opposition in control of the senate and on the record willing to take any steps that might embarrass Macapagal's Liberal administration, even President Johnson's note in the joint communiqué issued after Macapagal's visit to Washington in October cannot be expected to have much impact during the upcoming election year. President Johnson warned that U.S. economic relations with the Philippines would be "seriously impaired" if the Philippine Retail Trade Nationalization Law "were to prejudice the position of long-established American firms." The Nacionalistas immediately charged that Macapagal had entered into some secret and sinister deal with the United States and was intent on stilling the voice of nationalism and on abdicating sovereignty.

This controversy is only a small part of the much wider parity issue, which has another ten years and countless U.S.-Filipino tiffs to run before the Laurel-Langley Agreement, with its mutual economic preferences and privileges, is finally dismantled. The battling has already begun. On January 1, under the terms of the agreement, U.S. duties on Philippine imports will rise from twenty per cent to forty per cent of normal duties and Philippine duties on U.S. goods will go up from seventy-five per cent to ninety per cent. From all quarters, but with widely differing goals, there have been demands for renegotiation.

Growers of sugar, coconuts, hemp, pineapples, and other agricultural products are fearful of diminishing American quotas and higher American customs duties and are well aware of the difficulties in finding alternative markets. They favor extending the agreement beyond 1974. But manufacturers want an end now both to preferred duties on American imports and to American parity rights to exploit the country's natural resources and to conduct its public utilities.

The Inevitable Whipping Boy

Along with this genuine conflict in economic interests, there is also a large dash of nationalism. The Philippine Chamber of Industries, which favors an immediate repeal of parity, has dedicated itself to the fight "against manifest attempts to perpetuate the economic subservience of Filipinos to American interests." And a writer in the pro-American Manila *Bulletin* summed up much of the current feeling thus: "With the connivance of colonial-minded Filipinos, we have become the tool of foreign interests rather than the wheel of our own destiny."

It would be a mistake for the United States to underestimate the depth and intensity of this sort of feeling. Almost half the Philippines' import-export trade is with the United States. This closed-shop relationship smacks of neo-colonialism to some Filipinos, and they are deeply resentful of it. But worse, it has not brought the Philippines the progress its leaders have promised, its people have hoped for, or its natural resources would permit.

The Philippines is a potentially rich agricultural land, yet one of the major prizes that Macapagal bore back with him to Manila from his October visit to Washington was an outright gift of twenty-five thousand tons of grain under the Food for Peace program—a good deal of Filipino grain had been destroyed by typhoons—and another hundred thousand tons of rice deliverable in 1965 under Public Law 480, which may be paid for in local currency.

The seas around the Philippines teem with fish; yet fish and fish products are significant imports, and food generally accounts for nearly twenty per cent of the total annual import bill. Eight per cent of the country's labor force is unemployed, and a recent survey by the National Economic Council revealed that a quarter of the employed population are unpaid family workers. Not included in these statistics but forming a large part of the labor force are the underemployed.

Industrialization programs have been characterized by a lack of discipline in organization and execution. Macapagal took office in 1962 with high hopes of attracting foreign capital investment to start steel, copper, and zinc industries and to go on to the construction of chemical and fertilizer plants. But his Five-Year Program never got off the ground. His government's hopes of moving into the public sector have been inhibited by a chronic shortage of money. While trying to press on with school-building and feeder-roads programs, the government even fell behind in salary payments for schoolteachers.

By his decision to abolish exchange controls, Macapagal eliminated the main source of major corruption, but the improvement was qualitative rather than quantitative. Smuggling on a vast scale is a major spillway for revenue that should go to the government coffers. Outright tax evasion may be the country's major pastime. Of an estimated three billion pesos ($770 million) that could and should be collected annually in taxes, the government gets about one billion. According to the *Philippines Free Press*, which has been crusading against tax evasion for the past three years, only one per cent of the entire population files income-tax returns and only one-third of one per cent actually pays any income tax.

With the population of thirty-one million increasing at the rate of more than a million a year and an increase in the gross national product that has fallen from about six per cent in the 1950's to 5.2 per cent, the

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Philippines clearly is not making the progress demanded by the rising expectations of its people. What's more, the situation seems liable to get worse before it gets better. Furthermore, Filipino politicians may be expected to find an outlet for their frustrations by using the United States as their whipping boy. Where politics is confused with government and presidential election campaigns last a full year, any and all issues are exploitable.

An Island, a Bridge

Yet one should not assume, as some observers do, that a Draconian reassessment of its long and traditionally friendly relations with the United States is taking place in the Philippines, or that the country is bound to settle into a xenophobic, ultranationalist economic decline with dangerous strategic implications for itself and its allies. In general, the economic outlook is one of cautious optimism, and China's bomb and the mounting Communist threat to the Southeast Asian mainland are causes for constantly increasing Filipino concern.

The Philippines' society is freer than any of its neighbors'. Its form of government is democratic and will remain democratic and strongly anti-Communist whether the Liberals or the Nacionalistas win next November. No Communist country is represented in Manila and none is likely to be in the foreseeable future. The two major political parties and the entrepreneur class believe firmly in private enterprise. The educational system is well organized and expanding. The literacy rate was seventy-two per cent in 1960, when the last official figures were published, and is probably as high as eighty per cent today. Many of the new generation of top government officials and members of the entrepreneur class are young, able, aggressive, and full of ideas. The government's credit is still good abroad. And the country's natural resources are such that it could well support a population two or three times its present size.

In the field of international affairs, there have been changes in U.S.-Filipino relationships and there probably will be more. While Macapagal continues to place great emphasis on the "deep and abiding friendship" between the two countries, he also makes it plain that the Philippines has to live in its Asian geography and to maintain its Asian identity. What he and other responsible political leaders hope for is that the Philippines will become less of a satellite and more of an ally with regional responsibilities and interests of its own. Even if these do not always coincide exactly with those of the United States, they will certainly remain within the framework of the Johnson-Macapagal pledge "to maintain the unity of commitment and purpose between their countries in defense of the right of the free nations of Southeast Asia to determine their own future." Under these circumstances, the Philippines will be much better placed to use its Christian and cultural background as a bridge between East and West.

Second Thoughts About Sukarno

One less than felicitous bridge-making effort began with the appearance in Manila late in 1962 of Sheik Azahari, the Indonesian-backed rebel leader, just at the time when his guerrillas attempted to take over the minuscule but oil-rich British protectorate of Brunei. Macapagal's subsequent flirtation with Djakarta was a mixture of opportunism and the conviction that Indonesia's isolation from the West and from its neighbors served the Communists' ends and in the long run could be highly dangerous to the security of the Philippines.

Until 1962, the Philippines' territorial claim to North Borneo was not taken very seriously in Manila. But London made the error of not appearing to take it seriously either, and a delegation led by Vice-President Emmanuel Pelaez, then foreign secretary, returned to Manila in a huff early in 1963. After that, the half-serious claim became a matter of official prestige that threatens Malaysian-Philippines relations for a long time to come.

The Philippines' case rests in whether the Malay word *padjak*, the basic term of conveyance in the deed of transfer signed by the Sultan of Sulu in 1878, means "cession" or "lease." The probability is that it will be found by experts to mean in this case "to lease in perpetuity," which will no doubt delight the lawyers and confound the judges if the Philippines ever gets the case to the International Court of Justice.

Alienated from the British and from their Malaysian successors in North Borneo by this contrived, insignificant, but sometimes bitter dispute, the Philippines saw little real evil in Indonesia's efforts to crush Malaysia so long as its militant activities were confined to Borneo. There was an element of make-believe in the jungle skirmishings that caused no real alarm. In August and September, however, when Indonesia not only dropped paratroops into Malaya proper but spoke jubilantly of the coming American defeat in Vietnam, Manila made a quick and shocked reappraisal. By the time Macapagal had reached Washington on his October tour, the Philippines and Malaysia, according to his account, had become "virtual allies committed to the cause of freedom."

Except for a small but vocal Indonesian lobby in Manila, disenchantment with Sukarno is now all but complete. Officials blame Indonesian students for instigating the rioters who demonstrated against the American embassy and the Malacañang Palace on the eve of Macapagal's departure to Washington, and there are published reports, attributed to Philippine Army intelligence, that Indonesian agents have been engaged in covert operations in the southern islands "to further the political interests of Indonesia in Southeast Asia."

ACCOMPANYING this new look at Indonesia is an agonizing reassessment of the prospects in South Vietnam. A succession of Filipino delegations to Saigon have brought back despairing stories whose implications are not lost in Manila.

In emphasizing once again that any armed attack against the Philippines would be instantly repelled by the United States, President Johnson has given the Philippines what it most needs in the way of reassurances. In return, there will be no problem of bases, no carping criticism from Manila, if the United States needs Subic Bay and Clark Field to convince Peking and Hanoi that Vietnam and the rest of Southeast Asia are not theirs for the taking.

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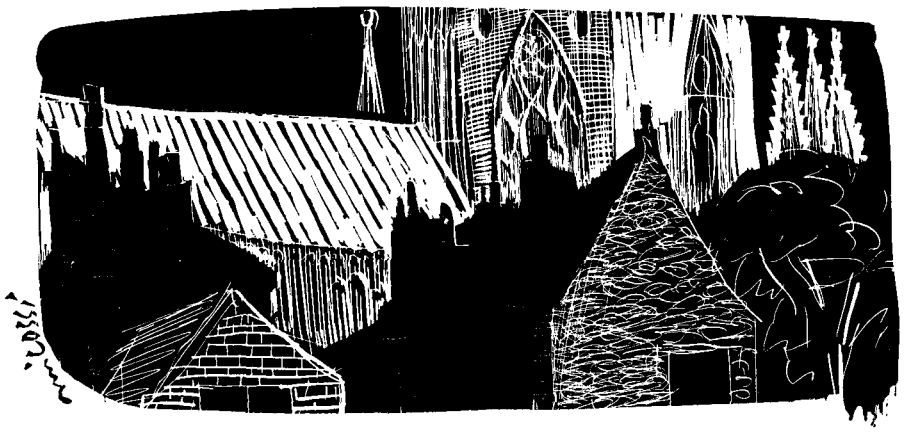

The Posthumous Adams

KENNETH S. LYNN

HENRY ADAMS: THE MAJOR PHASE, by Ernest Samuels. *Belknap Press, Harvard. $10.*

With the appearance of the third volume of his life of Henry Adams, Ernest Samuels brings to conclusion an enterprise that has occupied him for more than twenty years. While falling short of brilliance, Professor Samuels's trilogy is an enormously solid effort, and in the rather barren field of American literary biography there are few other studies that can match its richness of detail or its scholarly fair-mindedness. Adams took a dim view of biographies, calling them "murder" and accusing them of belittling the "victim and the assassin equally." But this new work is murderous only in the sense that it completes the destruction of the elaborately depreciatory image of himself that Adams presented in his *Education*. To Professor Samuels's everlasting credit, we can at last see Henry Adams as he was. If this be character assassination, let the Pulitzer Prize committee make the most of it.

The Major Phase takes up the narrative in 1890, at the very darkest moment of Adams's career. The memory of his wife, dead by her own hand five years before, still haunted him as keenly as ever; the Gilded Age had been succeeded by the era of the "goldbugs" and was even more repellent; and to these personal and public tragedies there was now added a professional disappointment of the first magnitude: Adams's monumental *History of the United States,* on which he had lavished both his intellectual genius and his financial resources for more years than he cared to remember, was finally finished, but the popular response Adams had lusted after as passionately as his forebears had pursued political vindication was not forthcoming. As the author of the *Education* derisively commented, 1890 was the year in which "life was complete."

But if 1890 marked the end of a career, it also represented the beginning of another. In the twenty-eight years of "posthumous existence" that remained to him, Adams wrote his finest and ultimately his most influential books—and both their excellence and their influence were directly related to the failure of the *History* to make a splash. For in conceiving of both *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* and *The Education of Henry Adams* as "private" works that would circulate only among a handful of friends and associates, Adams felt free to express himself more daringly than he ever had before. Furthermore, by keeping these intensely original works out of the public domain, he stimulated a growing curiosity about them—which may very well have been his plan all along. In any event, Adams lived to realize that both books were destined to have a readership extending far beyond the happy few to whom they had been initially addressed.

WHAT HE could not have known, of course, or even guessed, was that the *Chartres* and the *Education* were to play a major role in shaping the modern sensibility in this country. As we have increasingly come to recognize, the extraordinary literary flowering of the 1920's had its roots deep in the 1890's. Sinclair Lewis's revolt from the village originated in Edwin Arlington Robinson's Tilbury Town; Hemingway's war song was a variation on a theme by Stephen Crane; Dos Passos's scorn for the commercial mentality derived its bitter authority from Veblen's *The Theory of the Leisure Class;* and so on. But none of the blazing young geniuses of the *fin de siècle* had a greater effect on twentieth-century culture than the aging, disappointed cynic who in 1890 had seemingly abandoned all hope that America would ever listen to him.

As Malcolm Cowley was to write in *Exile's Return,* the late 1920's were "an age of islands, real and metaphorical. They were an age when Americans by thousands and tens of thousands were scheming to take the next boat for the South Seas or the West Indies, or better still for Paris, from which they could scatter to Majorca, Corsica, Capri, . . . where [they] could feel that they had escaped from everything that oppressed them in a business civilization." When one harks back to the nineties in search of the antecedents of this exotic movement, one immediately thinks of Lafcadio Hearn, not to mention the voyagers who were in flight from the oppressions of the Old World, like Paul Gauguin and Robert Louis Stevenson. Yet Henry Adams, the least likely of beachcombers, was also one of the modern rediscoverers of Polynesian pleasure, and in the rapturous descriptions he sent back to John Hay and Elizabeth Cameron (the young and beautiful society matron with whom Adams had fallen hopelessly in love) one does not hear the nerv-

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ous, inhibited, Victorian voice that one would expect from a contemporary of Howells and Henry James, but rather the sound of a twentieth-century sensibility responding with sophisticated delight—as, say, Wallace Stevens might have—to the spectacle of mythological rite and pagan sex:

> Naked to the waist, their rich skins glistened with cocoanut oil. Around their heads and necks they wore garlands of green leaves in strips, like sea-weeds, and these too glistened with oil, as though the girls had come out of the sea. . . . The mysterious depths of darkness behind, against which the skins and dresses of the dancers mingled rather than contrasted; the sense of remoteness and of genuineness in the stage-management; the conviction that at last the kingdom of old-gold was ours, and that we were as good Polynesiacs as our neighbors —the whole scene and association gave so much freshness to our fancy that no further experience, short of being eaten, will ever make us feel so new again.

The Middle Ages offered an even grander opportunity to "feel new," and Adams sailed directly from the South Seas into a decade of delving into historical archives and of unending visits to the cathedrals of Normandy. Modern society had decayed to the point where it could "no longer depend, as in childhood, on its taste, or smell, or sight, or hearing, or memory," but the man who wandered into the twelfth century, Adams declared in the *Chartres*, could "grow prematurely young." Robin Hoods lived in every forest, Richard Cœur-de-Lion was not yet twenty years old, and the cathedral of Chartres was "a child's fancy: a toy-house to please the Queen of Heaven." In this exuberantly youthful world, the mind concurred in what the senses felt and the artist's private vision, whether wrought in stone, glass, or tapestry, expressed the aspirations of everyone. Presiding over all, the tutelary genius of this bygone Paradise, was the Virgin, whom Adams portrayed not as an ascetic, rules-keeping Mother Superior but as an informal, "at times undignified" and intensely feminine creature—not unlike the queen of Tahiti who had unconventionally preferred to converse with Adams while sitting on the floor. The enemy of usurers, the friend of gallant knights, Adams's Virgin incarnated the ideals of altruism and courage and gaiety that he felt his countrymen had forgotten. In addition, the Virgin stood for sexual energy: "The study of Our Lady," Adams proclaimed, ". . . leads directly back to Eve, and lays bare the whole subject of sex." This was a source of power that the American people, in their collective repression, had not so much forgotten as ignored; alone among America's spokesmen, Adams felt, Walt Whitman had had the daring to acknowledge it.

As Adams well knew, his interpretation of medieval culture, and especially his linkage of the cult of Mary with sex worship, was bound to shock readers of "English blood and American training." Yet Adams was eager to shock them, just as Mencken and Van Wyck Brooks would be—and for very much the same polemical reasons. Like the iconoclasts of the younger generation who wanted to bring down "Puritanism" and all its repressive works, Adams wanted the American artist to affirm the bountiful extravagance of Nature and to unleash his imagination on all the felt realities of existence. A decade before Brooks's *America's Coming-of-Age* and a dozen years before Mencken's *A Book of Prefaces*, the *Chartres* set forth a vision of cultural freedom with "a frolic power"—the phrase is William James's—"unusual to historic literature."

THE INEVITABLE companion piece to his evocation of past glory was a study of present failure. While Adams considered the contemporary American woman a worse failure than the American man ("she has held nothing together, neither Church, nor Society nor Family"), he nevertheless preferred to let his own personal history serve as the blameworthy model of how both sexes had come to grief amidst the disintegrative forces of the modern world. Yet the *Education*, as Professor Samuels demonstrates conclusively, was never for an instant conceived of as an autobiography in the traditional sense of the term. Sublimating, by means of third-person narration, the nineteenth century's preoccupation with the romantic ego, Adams created "Henry Adams," one of the truly meaningful figures of modern American literature, an anti-hero with whom all our intellectual losers from Quentin Compson to Herzog can claim relationship. The quixotic quest for enlightenment is the tale, *par excellence*, of our time; and while other writers have spun a more gripping version of it or told it in a more daring way, no one has surpassed Adams in the range of his vision, the brilliance of his symbolism, or the power of his prophecies. The failure of Christianity, the stupidities and mendacities of diplomacy, the runaway power of mechanical inventions, the rise of the idea of race, the specters of collision between Russia and the United States and of an armed and awakened China confronting the entire West—these ideas and images pass before us at an ever more stunning pace until at last Adams's poor pilgrim glimpses Apocalypse.

But if this had been the end of the story, the *Education* would not be as modern as it is. The apocalyptic note was sounded more often at the turn of the century than it is today, despite the Bomb. Disdaining the slick pessimism of Max Nordau's *Degeneration* and the wildly unreasoning nihilism of the later Mark Twain, Adams accepted the challenge of attempting to control the uncontrollable by thinking about the unthinkable. By a process so gradual we are almost unaware of its taking place, "Henry Adams" becomes Henry Adams, the poor pilgrim is transformed into a philosopher, and a helpless study of multiplicity turns into an effort to harmonize the diverse intellectual energies of the modern world in a new theory of culture. The maunderings of C. P. Snow and of Harvard's "Redbook" on general education are proof enough that this characteristically mid-twentieth-century endeavor is usually conducted with a maximum of analytical sloppiness and moral pomposity. The brilliantly ironic and dazzlingly high-level final chapters of the *Education* are grounds for hope, however, that intellectual coherence is not necessarily beyond our capacities.

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Portraits of Three Painters

HILTON KRAMER

MY FRIEND DEGAS, by Daniel Halévy. Translated from the French, and edited with notes, by Mina Curtiss. *Wesleyan University Press. $6.*

NOCTURNE: THE ART OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, by Denys Sutton. *Lippincott. $7.95.*

LAUTREC BY LAUTREC, by Philippe Huisman and M. G. Dortu. Translated from the French by Corinne Bellow. *Viking. $30.*

Among the painters who exhibited together in the studio of the photographer-aeronaut A. Nadar in 1874 and, as a result, have passed into art history as "Impressionists," Degas was in many ways the odd man out. Though a participant in the fateful artistic events of his generation, he remained paradoxically aloof from the life of his own epoch. Immensely proud and imperious in his personal manner, capable of a stinging wit and given to a caustic criticism of the accepted ideas of his age, he earned the reputation of a misanthrope and a misogynist who pursued his vocation with aristocratic hauteur.

In a period that saw an increasing democratization in politics and society and radical changes in aesthetic values, Degas thus stood apart. In political matters he was a reactionary and even, in his later years, an outspoken anti-Semite. In art, though an innovator himself and an ardent collector of the works of his contemporaries, he remained a loyal disciple of Ingres' neo-Classic ideal. Paul Valéry, who knew Degas in the last decades of his life, said that he "belonged to that delightful class of connoisseurs who take an obstinate pleasure in their own narrow-mindedness, are merciless to any novelty that is merely new, their minds full of Racine and old music, tireless quoters, 'classicists' to the point of ferocity and extravagant outbursts. . . ."

Where a writer of Valéry's temperament could find such a personality "delightful," others clearly could not. Degas has therefore continued to be something of an enigma. The tendency has been to accept the mask of arrogance at its face value, but not to superimpose its distortions on the appreciation of Degas' own *œuvre,* which boasts many pictures—especially portraits—of great delicacy and warmth of feeling.

THE CONSIDERABLE INTEREST of the late Daniel Halévy's memoir of Degas derives, I think, from the ease with which it accommodates both the mask and the true artist. Writing with a felicity that is as much a mark of his affection for the subject as of his own literary gifts, Halévy has left us a very moving and unusual document. As his American editor, Mina Curtiss, points out in her preface, "*My Friend Degas* is both Daniel Halévy's earliest book and his last, for he started keeping the journal that forms a large part of it in 1888, when he was sixteen, and was working on revisions of it when he died in 1962 at the age of ninety." The book thus gives us an intimate glimpse of Degas' life, and an invaluable account of his conversation and opinions, from his fifty-fourth year until his death in 1917 at eighty-three.

Halévy himself was well placed to report with both personal fondness and detachment. He was born into a cultivated bourgeois family—his father, Ludovic, was a member of the French Academy—whose dinner table, in the years before the shattering Dreyfus Affair, became a kind of refuge for the ungregarious artist-bachelor. For the young Daniel, moreover, Degas loomed as an intellectual hero. "In my eyes Degas is the incarnation of all intelligence," he wrote when he was sixteen; and while he modified this hero-worshiping estimate as he grew older, Halévy retained to the end of his life a warm devotion to this ideal figure of his youth.

The great test of that devotion came, of course, at the time of the Dreyfus case. Daniel's father was a Jew and a liberal—his mother was Catholic—and the family were ardent Dreyfusards. Among the advanced artists of the time, Degas became infamous for aligning himself with anti-Dreyfus reactionaries. There came, at last, a break between the painter and his old friends. On November 25, 1897, Halévy wrote in his journal:

> "Our friendship was to end suddenly and in silence; but it perished without any regrettable exchange of words. One last time Degas dined with us. . . . [He] remained silent. Conscious of the threat that hung over us, I watched his face attentively. His lips were closed; he looked upwards almost constantly as though cutting himself off from the company that surrounded him. Had he spoken it would no doubt have been in defense of the army, the army whose traditions and virtues he held so high, and which was now being insulted by our intellectual theorizing. Not a word

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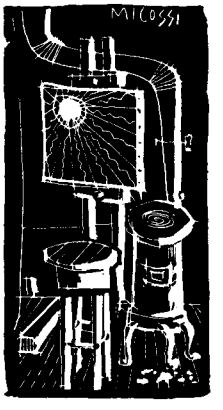
came from his closed lips, and at the end of dinner Degas disappeared."

The break was all the more painful because of the place Degas had long occupied in the family circle, and the reader of Halévy's memoir is himself made to experience the pain of this moment as it comes after the myriad scenes of conversational gaiety and brilliance that dominate the greater part of the book. Everything Halévy recorded of Degas' conversation is immensely quotable—the painter was a prodigious aphorist—and there are, besides, some delightful glimpses of the artist in his more relaxed moods. (One of the activities Degas took up late in life was photography, and the book is illustrated with a number of his own photographs, including a hilarious one of Degas and the Halévy family arranged in a parody tableau of Ingres' *Apotheosis of Homer*.)

Yet the end of Halévy's memoir, recalling less frequent encounters with Degas in the years after the Dreyfus case, is no less moving. By this time Degas was nearly blind, and there is a heartbreaking evocation of the painter attending the Ingres exhibition of 1911 and running his hands over the surfaces of the pictures in a vain effort to see them. He was now isolated visually as well as temperamentally from his own time, and he felt the isolation keenly. At an exhibition of his own work in 1913, a woman he had known pointed to his painting and said to him, "Bravo Degas! That is the Degas we love, not the Degas of the Affair"; to which he replied, "Madame, it is the whole Degas who wishes to be loved." But to love "the whole Degas" was obviously difficult. What makes Halévy's short book truly memorable is his success in bringing the whole man so clearly and affectionately into view.

WITH AN ARTIST like Degas, who spurned the attentions of the press and never displayed his personality before the public, the biographical approach can enhance our understanding of his art. But with artists like Whistler or Lautrec, whose lives have become legends all but eclipsing in interest the real quality of their creative work, the opposite is true. The temptation to dwell on anecdote and scandal, a temptation very rarely resisted by writers who have addressed themselves to these artists, usually results in turning their artistic accomplishments into mere décor for vivid Bohemian soap opera.

The great merit of Denys Sutton's new book on Whistler is that without skimping the important connections between the artist's life and his work, it keeps its attention firmly focused on the latter. Whistler was an enormously gifted painter and draftsman, who had, at least from the aesthetic point of view, the most enviable opportunities of any American painter of his time. He was well acquainted with the greatest French artists of the mid-nineteenth century and profited from their ideas and audacious innova-



tions. He was the friend of Courbet and Mallarmé and was thus an intimate of the two movements—Realism and Symbolism—that dominated the Parisian avant-garde. He was praised, very early, by Baudelaire.

Yet Whistler was an artist whose talents remained greater than his accomplishments. And his move from the Paris of Courbet and the Impressionists to the London of the Pre-Raphaelites was not so much the cause as the symptom of his failure to fulfill his sizable gifts. In England he became a sensation, as a "character" and a wit no less than as an artist. The parochial London atmosphere—parochial, at least, in artistic affairs—allowed him to relax the exalted standards of French art while maintaining the illusion of superior achievements. Whistler succeeded, moreover, in persuading the public to share in this illusion. Lacking an authentic avant-garde of its own, the England of Victoria was more than willing to accept Whistler's brilliant charade of vanguard style as the real thing.

Mr. Sutton, the editor of the London *Apollo* and an authority on modern French painting, is well equipped to deal with the peculiar vicissitudes of Whistler's development, and he writes extremely well. Perhaps his estimate of Whistler errs on the side of generosity, but it is based on a scrupulous examination of the work and a healthy detachment from the artist's legend.

IN CONTRAST, *Lautrec by Lautrec* is a pure monument to legend. The two authors of this book, which is a pleasure to own but a punishment to read, seem not to have been in very close touch with each other. Their ostensible subject, Lautrec and his art, is constantly being reintroduced to the reader as if it were a brand-new topic. But Lautrec *as an artist* is swamped by the host of ancillary subjects that M. Huisman and Mme. Dortu clearly prefer to write about—the painter's family history, the history of Paris, the mores of Bohemians, and any other extra-artistic consideration that can be attached to Lautrec's name. As a literary performance, the book is utterly wearisome.

But of course no one is going to acquire such a book for its text. Its strength is all in the illustrations, which are copious and very well printed. They include, besides Lautrec's paintings, drawings, and posters, a good many delightful photographs of the artist at work and at leisure, of his models and friends, and of the milieu in which they moved. It is a pity the authors felt called upon to compete with this documentary material, which is sufficiently colorful on its own and calls for the kind of critical placing they are apparently incapable of. One closes the book with mixed feelings, then: gratitude to the authors for assembling a virtual encyclopedia of visual materials from Lautrec's career, but despair over the crudities to which they have subjected the artist's work in their own meretricious writing.

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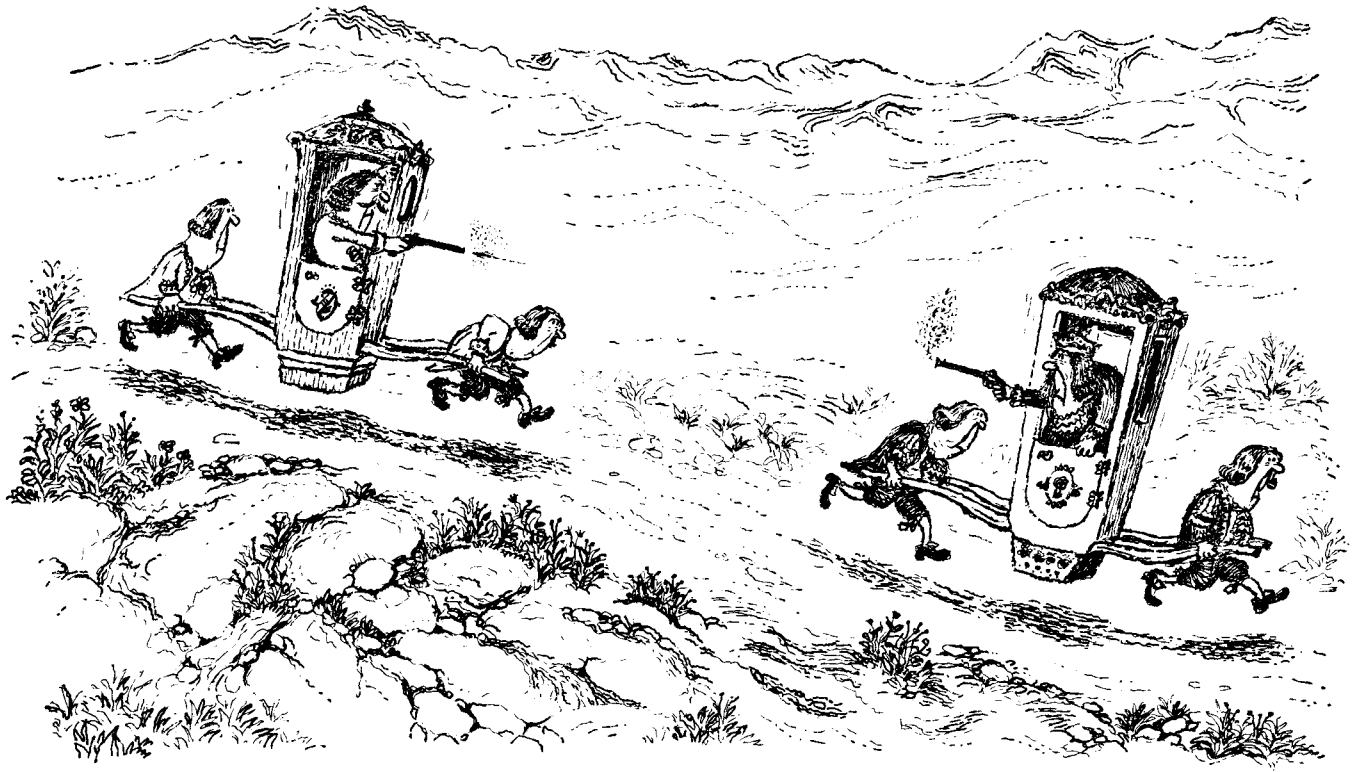

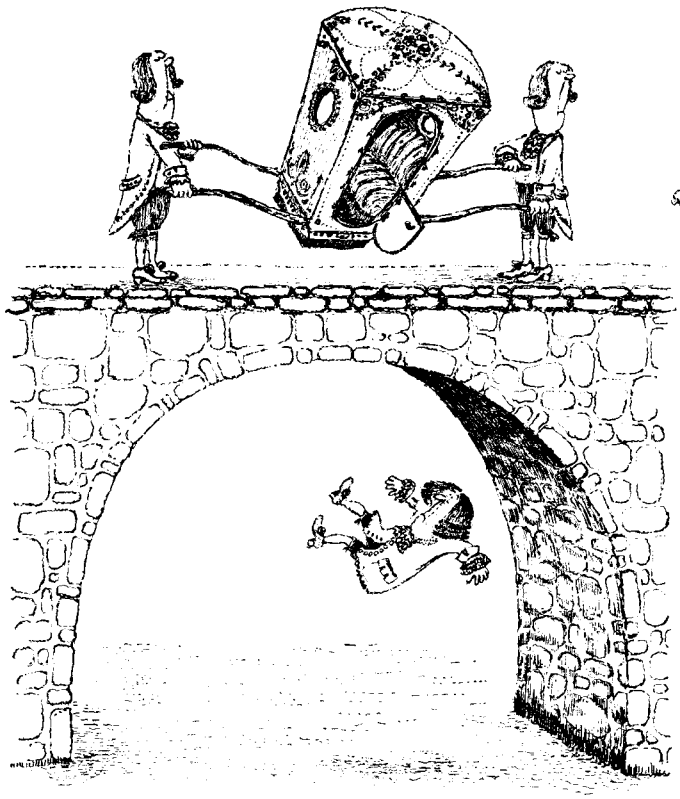

The Sedan Chair

by Fernando Krahn

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A Streetcar Named Kazan

GORDON ROGOFF

"A THOUGHT—directing finally consists of turning Psychology into Behavior." Thus Elia Kazan seventeen years ago in his notebook for *A Streetcar Named Desire.* Earlier, somewhat before his major triumphs on Broadway, during rehearsals for *Jacobowsky and the Colonel,* he put it another way: "I will say nothing to an actor that cannot be translated into action." These twin remarks would seem to constitute a reasonable definition of directing, suggesting a firm combination of the ideal and the practical. But dramatic art must be more than the sum of behavioral parts, more than psychology alone. The actions of men and women are one matter, the actions of art quite another. And this is true even of theatre, the singular art that uses as *one* part of its medium the very sounds, souls, and bodies of men and women.

To be fair, Kazan was not trying to define for the ages; perhaps he was not trying to define at all. In 1947, it was only "a thought," a rare reflective moment, a pause in the business of simply getting on with the job. He was never one for dark philosophies. Reliable legend has it that he was a good actor in his Group Theatre days. Quick on the draw, he had the pugnacity of a kid slouching outside the corner drugstore coupled with the aw-shucks lazy charm of a ranch hand at a square dance. It was not a performance of infinite variety, but of personality there was never any doubt. This held, surely, in his productions. For once, the American theatre had a serious director who didn't fade into the scenery, palely mimicking the postures and rhetoric of European contemporaries. Kazan made it clear in the late 1940's that he was our first wholly native director, an individual in touch with the nerve centers of the nation. He didn't have to define; his productions did it for him.

THE BEST of them, *Streetcar* and *Death of a Salesman,* revealed less psychology than stance, a certain kind of physical conduct. The human form, forced to float in a sea of dimly lit illusions, was trying against all doubts to be more than a piece of driftwood. Bodies aching from inarticulated pain moved hypnotically from scene to scene, accompanied by a wistful flute or a trumpet riff, so many anguished objects in search of character and meaning. The key to survival was suggested by a succession of turned backs: Willy Loman weighted by his suitcases or hunched on the ground shouting, "I gave you an order"; Stanley Kowalski bellowing for Stella, embracing her hungrily at the foot of the spiral staircase, the rounded muscles of his powerful back moving in sobbing rhythms outside his artfully torn shirt. Beer bottles weren't merely opened, they were shaken into gushing fountains, life seen as constant climax, active symbols for what a man takes when there isn't anything better. There was never very much time for thinking. Drifters may drift, but the pace around them had to be frantic. If the spirit wouldn't work, there was always the body, something to plunder, something to kill. Suddenly, the musicians under the stage uttered the whining blast that heralded an announcement, the perhaps ultimate turning of the back: Willy off to his suicide, Stanley at his rape. On Kazan's stage, life came to a halt only after the body had been throttled into submission.

It was, as the phrase goes, good theatre, stamped with a life of its own, and therefore in its own way unique on Broadway. If, when appraising it, one still tends to blur the lines between Kazan and his playwrights, it is because the blur was intentional, and from all accounts agreeable to Miller and Williams. For a time at least, they had found their man, a kind of co-author to a theatrical event, the expert reader between the lines, the man who literally put flesh on their dreams. In Kazan, they possessed—or were possessed by—a Svengali that O'Neill never had. However they might be judged later, whatever would be said finally about the quality of their writing, they had an ever-present, physically urgent *now* in the theatre. It was as if their plays had been written on stage, their words acting as understudies to the real star.

IF THE DIRECTOR as dramatist, magical as he was in one startling area, seemed a strange usurper, what then was he ever intended to be? Always being compared to an orchestral conductor, he would thus seem to be at once an interpreter, a complete commander, and even a performer. The comparison, however, neat as it looks, is flawed by one central difference in their roles: the conductor is present, indeed necessary, at the performance, while the director is just another helpless member of the audience. Or to put it another way, the conductor rules over a body of men who play instruments clearly defined in sound, capacity, and temperament, whereas the director can never quite rule over a disparate band of men who *are* their instruments. The director, in fact, has done his job well when his absence is least felt. Yet it is no wonder that the analogy with conducting is not only drawn but actively sought. The art is a relatively new one, and to make its place in a collaborative world, it has been compelled to cast a net wide enough for catching the few passing precedents.

In the absence of a chartable history, the precedents had to be taken pragmatically, from people more than ideas. In the beginning were the *author-directors,* Shakespeare perhaps, Molière certainly, and in this century most notably Bertolt Brecht. Later there were *teacher-directors* such as Stanislavsky, followed in our time by Michel St. Denis and Lee Strasberg, men who changed the face of acting, leaving almost untouched the look of the stage or the shape of the play. Stage imagery was the sweeping infatuation of the *scenic directors,* men like Antoine, Appia, Belasco, Reinhardt, and lately Zeffirelli, covering every kind of play with the same kind of sensual splen-

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 115

by HENRY ALLEN

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the Reporter Magazine Company

A
59 84 89 219 146 Land of the Minotaur.

B
156 100 123 105 Colossal.

C
7 96 117 212 82 Permit.

D
2 30 126 223 92 196
"Only the echoes which he made_____,
Ring from their marble caves, . . ."
William Drummond, "For the Baptist."

E
16 103 176 53 One may be as drunk as this, according to saying.

F
21 224 3 210 City in Pennsylvania.

G
14 5 181 50 207 134 "Faith...Counts death kind Nature's _____of retreat."
Johnson, "The Vanity of Human Wishes."

H
109 144 173 151 City in the Middle East, scene of Napoleon's first defeat.

I
45 142 19 154
"As she would catch another Antony
In her strong ___of grace." Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra."

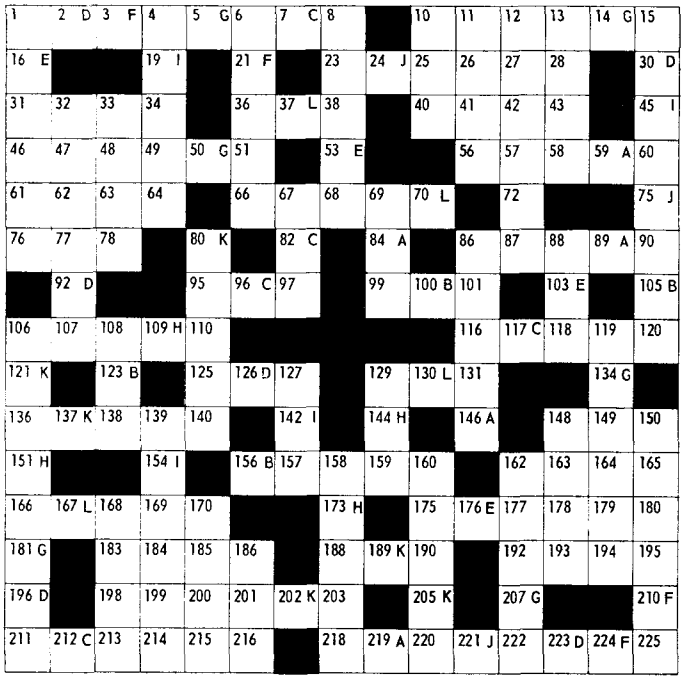
J
24 75 221 72 "They lard their ____books with the fat of others' works." Robert Burton, "The Anatomy of Melancholy."

K
202 80 121 137 205 189
"Between the ____of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma,..."
Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar."

L
70 167 37 130 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal _____." Milton, "Lycidas."

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

1. Calm in Rhode Island? Not with this enemy of society around.
10. The creative genius or his traits?
23. The churchmen who need one small article to become leaders.
31. Take it out of 10 across and what it practices remains.
36. I've had to change to compete.
40. A cathedral boss may be a Dane.
46. Renee's calm and peaceful here.
56. Land a plane on the open sea or a canal.
61. The kind of boom that raps one.
66. In the Wars of these, they were red and white.
76. Colloquial assent in any episodic play.
86. The puzzler's favorite flower should take a rest.
95. Everyone in the local lunchroom.
99. Glue together the broken mug.
106. Mates in the mist.
116. Lead softly and beg.
125. The tree whose sap seems to be mixed honey.
129. Bad in the pencil letters.
136. A little height is needed to relight a bright star in Orion.
148. Collide with the first sign of the Zodiac.
156. Epochs never see these human wishes.
162. Tear down a famous Lisbon hotel and put it in your passport!
166. Put soy in loud circumstances.
175. Fools one with the cards that are taken.
183. The porch suited for oats.
188. Begone! Put Ben out, and let me be.
192. Afternoon parties in the East.
198. A main artery or a small street —the same thing.
211. A throne very like a wasp.
218. Reslates roofs and thieves.

DOWN

1. The ship in the clay or the girl in the city may be chic in Brooklyn.
4. A hoarder who may surmise without us.
6. Not at all, but mostly always.
8. The British city that I've heard is in front.
10. Sum up father when he's confused.
11. The grass from 23 across with no pounds and shillings.
12. Prepares for carrying vehicles.
13. A contraction that was, is not, and yet is.
15. Treed the beast? It's all tied up, anyway.
32. Be sorry for the ten per cent without a penny.
33. Part may rise to the bait in this.
67. It is said to see in the dark on a low mixture.
69. A unit of a greater generative power.
80. A horse designed by a committee, they say, carries a meal for a hundred!
86. Sufficient for a broken tree.
88. A digit for pepole to use but not us people.
106. 69 down may measure this and is included with TNT! Sh!
108. Zero when goose.
119. This state begins as an exclamation of grief.
127. Bossy note on a thousand and two loves.
129. Hard water for the French company, in short.
139. Lets on to knowing Howard.
148. The staple I see and hear are on 129 down.
150. The proletariat may be certain solids.
158. Push down the Fourth Estate.
160. Tones or rock (and roll?).
162. Necessary to life in Leavit, Alabama.
168. Throw a woman's dress into the river at Munich.
170. Days of eld, or ye altered times.
186. In short the world's biggest word business in great transactions.

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dor. Alone, with a corresponding lack of immediate practical effect, were the leaping *visionaries*—Copeau, Craig, Meyerhold, and Artaud—touched by the kind of sane madness that rips change from a stone, but fifty years later. More articulate than their ancestors, but still left over from a faded tradition, are the *actor-directors*—Barrault, Olivier, Gielgud—Hamlets giving advice, and perhaps a few paralyzing demonstrations, to the players. Lately, the *choreographers* and *improvisers* have dashed into the theatre, such masters of mercurial movement as Littlewood, Guthrie, and Robbins. And finally, the visionaries are having a part of their way at last in the work of the *idea-directors,* pragmatic idealists and embryo philosophers such as Jean Vilar, Roger Planchon, Peter Brook, and—not to be too easily placed—Brecht again. From all this, a pattern emerges that hints at definition even if it doesn't specifically provide one: direction, we might say, is the art of persuading a doubt to look like a certainty, a bias turned into a craft, the most evanescent phase of the most evanescent art.

KAZAN refuses to be one type. He commanded image, mesmerized actors, tore drama from the inert, raised theatrical movement into a style, and—before anything else—mastered the tricks of authentic illusion. In his productions, what happened had to happen; no other way seemed possible. The knack of fooling, seriously inclined, was his. Yet for all his ingenuity, he couldn't temper tremors of doubt: his work, unlike that of his predecessors and contemporaries, was devoted exclusively to new plays, the settled art of the dead being all outside his reference; moreover, he rarely worked with the same actor twice, hardly a good omen for repertory. His best productions, galvanizing as they were to an arid scene, seemed to have spent their passion in preparation. What we saw was the end of the line, and at the end was exhaustion.

"The acting must be styled, not in the obvious sense," he wrote in the *Streetcar* notebook. "Say nothing about it to the producer and actors." Here, at last, was a definition: the director as cunning diplomat. Secretive yet seductive, he would say nothing in order to say—what? Perhaps nothing. Everything was pat, ordered, fluid. Even so, whole worlds were missing—other plays, other styles, other tempi, other nuances, other shapes, other lives. For the sake of an image, he shifted from stage to screen and back again, he hesitated between the Actors Studio and Lincoln Center, he wrote a screenplay and published it as a novel, and he stayed entirely away from the stage for nearly five years. He was hitting, running, seducing—and abandoning. This was our best director doing his best acting, a cycle in relentless motion—his best and most alarming performance.

What has been more alarming this last year, however, is that, where he should be home free, safe and relaxed in the soft, unpressuring arms of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, he has looked like a fugitive still madly on the run. Given time, a permanent company, and an open stage, he has looked restless and uncomfortable, at peace neither with the theatre nor with himself. Even as co-author, he no longer had a presence, no longer made a mark. *After the Fall* took center stage and never left it, rarely probing the sides and corners of a splendidly flexible playing space. A three-hour indulgence, weirdly uninflected, it moved as in a bad dream from symbols to realities. Most of the actors strained and growled and tore at rubber faces. Props were suddenly real, and just as suddenly imaginary. The play wasn't happening any more, it was being pushed on. In even more desultory fashion, *But for Whom Charlie* came over as a comedy of manners without comedy or manners. True, it was an unlikely choice for him, but even within that melancholy context, it kept giving off signs that he was in retreat, that he was not only tired of running but tired of the will to stop.

IN THIS MANNER and mood, he came to his first play from the dead, his first battle with absent writers, Middleton and Rowley's bleak, hard, and violent study of thwarted innocence and unstoppable corruption, *The Changeling*. If direction for him is still turning psychology into action, then the choice would seem to have been apt: the play has uncanny links to our psychology and responses. All that remains is to make the action alive and relevant. For Kazan, the bouncing, shifting, vibrantly alive stage was never any problem, and relevance always seemed to be his personal obsession. The possibility that Beatrice might become a Jacobean Maggie the Cat with slippery de Flores her very own Kowalski seemed inviting, even though it would have been a vaguely perverse and obvious way of serving relevance. But at this point in the Lincoln Repertory's life, the combination of a good play and an energetic production, however eccentric, was not one to be scorned easily after the company's first joyless season.

But nothing was changed between seasons. If anything, the company looked and sounded wearier than before, their hollow monotones crashing senselessly against the shoals of simple verse. Where was the old Kazan, the director who gave bodies a stage reason, who could draw blood from a zombie or squeeze an hour into an instant? But had he ever been wholly there? Is not *The Changeling* too much to ask of him or his young, casual, unformed company? With the best will in the world, for example, Benny Goodman never *came to* Mozart as well as he had *lived with* Swing. Can we be classic before we know how modern we are?

Kazan stands, finally, for several confusions: the play as screenplay, the screen as stage, both supported by running sound tracks designed to underscore emotions, point moments, or bridge scenes. His vision and his range of concern were always limited. But once, years ago, there was something more than a glimmer, something vital in everything he did, some sharp thrust of feeling, some roaring climax, a moment of daring terror here or grinding tension there. Yet for all that, for all the gritting teeth, the clenched fist ready to punch down every door in the universe, the hard center of his work was always too brittle to bear the load of lost convictions and aimless fury.

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- **Education**... the ivy on their diplomas couldn't matter less—but are their bookshelves full of cobwebs?
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- **Curiosity**... a need *to know* that is more whetted than satisfied by the usual reportorial sources of news weeklies and papers.
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The Multiplex Muse

A critical listing of new hardware for listening

JOHN M. CONLY

Say what you will about television viewing this season, the listening on radio has never been so good. This is largely due to the increasing number of stations broadcasting in Multiplex, or stereophonic FM. There are now more than three hundred in the United States and another two dozen in Canada. Most of them do not broadcast stereo all day, since dual transmission is expensive. And most serve the greater-metropolitan areas, with New York having nine stations and San Francisco seven; but even Tullahoma, Tennessee, has one. To hear the broadcasts, you need special equipment, and the rising sales of high-fidelity components show that many people want to. In previous years, the purchaser of a piece-by-piece high-fidelity music system usually began with a turntable, an amplifier, and loudspeakers. Playing records was the first objective. A radio tuner (usually FM) was added later. This year the amplifier has been dislodged by the "receiver," meaning a Multiplex tuner and a stereo amplifier built on the same chassis.

This has been a boon in several ways to the producers of precision custom equipment. To cite Ronald Coll, audio manager of Harvey Radio Company, New York, one of the oldest and most respected retail and mail-order houses in electronics: "FM-MPX is gaining steadily here, and this helps component sales, especially good stuff, because of the fierce multipath problems we have."

Multipath means reflected signal, a possible annoyance wherever there are tall buildings or steep hills. To combat it requires more selective-rejective sensitivity than can economically be built into the ordinary mass-produced radio. It also requires directional antennas. For householders this is easy: at least a dozen manufacturers offer rooftop devices ranging in price from $5 to $150 (the latter for far-out exurbanites). City apartment dwellers are not so well off. There do exist rather promising compact indoor directional antennas (as listed in the catalogues of Harvey Radio, 103 West 43rd Street, New York, and of the Radio Shack, 730 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston), but these were not in evidence at the Institute of High Fidelity's autumn audio shows in New York and San Francisco.

Receivers were there, of course. Probably the pacemakers in that field have been Fisher Radio Corporation and H. H. Scott, Inc., but Knight and Knight-Kit, subsidiaries of Allied Radio, Chicago, and KLH Corporation, Cambridge, Massachusetts, are strong contenders. It is hard to pinpoint credit in such developments; there is a good deal of spontaneous simultaneity. The 1965 *Hi Fi/Stereo Directory* (Ziff-Davis, New York, $1, published in October) listed twenty-six makers of Multiplex receivers. Fisher, Scott, and Harman-Kardon offered the ultimate in lazy man's luxury, with receivers that not only indicated, as all do, by lights or tone signals that a broadcast was being transmitted in stereo, but also automatically switched to either stereo or mono, whichever was clearer, without any bumbling human interference. Fisher's receiver cost $290, Scott's $440, Harman-Kardon's (all-transistor) $470. By now there are probably a dozen others.

There are also a number of Multiplex adapters for people who already own mono FM receivers or tuners. These permit tuning in of the stations broadcasting in stereo, but they will get only the MPX half, of course. They cost $50 to $80. When a buyer can find an adapter made by the manufacturer of the tuner he already owns, he is probably wise to buy it. Its escutcheon will match what he has, and the way to hook it up will be self-evident. However, other makes usually will function just as well. Price differences mainly denote degrees of convenience.

This may be the place for an arbitrary observation on the economics of the component high-fidelity business, which I have been in a position to scrutinize critically for almost twenty years. It is probably—still—the most dedicated hardware industry in existence. Such conscientiousness may have less to do with business ethics than with the sense of fellowship that most producers have for their consumers. At least sixty-five per cent of high-fidelity executives are themselves frustrated musicians or addictive music listeners. They scrabble for money as a necessity, but their primary and abiding aim is to supply some fellow listener, somewhere, with sonic delectation beyond his most ardent dreams but within his means. This orientation has yielded a few freakish products and pricings from year to year, but seldom with intent to give the buyer less than his money's worth. Since component merchandising is one-step, direct from manufacturer to dealer, most prices are essentially wholesale. Drastic discounts commonly indicate a clearance of old models.

There are occasions, however, and manufacturers will agree, when something *is* overpriced. That is the case this year with solid-state circuitry, in which tubes and transformers are completely replaced by transistors and other semi-conductor components. A solid-state amplifier right now costs roughly thirty per cent more to build than its tube equivalent. This is purely because of its newness and transitional costs;

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in two years the situation will be reversed. Meanwhile the manufacturers are covering the whole spectrum from all-transistor (KLH) to all-tube (Marantz). Most companies offer a choice or a mixture.

The poor, or rather not so poor, consumer may be bemused by the conflicting assets of the familiar tube and the tiny new transistor. Transistors offer far less bulk, less heat in operation, and possibly longer stable performance than tubes. But tubes provide greater leeway in matching amplifiers with speakers and make it easier to spot the trouble when malfunctions occur. Also—a point worth mentioning—one can be pretty sure that the assembler knew what he was doing. Tubes retain another advantage when it comes to radio, as Avery Fisher of Fisher points out. Too strong a signal from a very close station will cause overload distortion in transistors before it does in tubes and may be unmanageable.

Gordon Gow of McIntosh Laboratory, a no-compromise outfit from its inception and a sort of unofficial industry-wide standard setter, has a simple rule to follow when it comes to a choice between tubes and transistors: "When we can put a three-year guarantee on a development, we feel it is ready—not before." What McIntosh thought ready this season were an all-transistor preamplifier, several all-tube amplifiers, and a tube-plus-transistor Multiplex tuner. (In the last-mentioned, one tube is a unique bonus: a "magic eye" that signals multipath interference by flickering, a great help in aiming a directional antenna.)

NEWS ABOUT amplifiers and loudspeakers is usually combined. For the smaller stereo systems, this has to be so, since the components themselves are. Certainly newsworthy are the "stereo modules" put forth by KLH, Shure Brothers, Fisher, Scott, and others. These are compact sets consisting of a stereo amplifier and record player in one unit and two small matching speakers. The "matching" is electro-acoustical as well as visual, especially in the case of the KLH, and substitutions are not recommended. The KLH-11 is portable (twenty-eight pounds) and costs about $200 in either luggage or furniture guise.

The Hero in Two Metals

With mask of malachite and bones of gold
a man disguised as hero gave my dream
Aztec dimension. Stepping from the sun
he pierced the sleeping kernels of my womb.
I woke and felt the cold kick of my time,
my moonstruck epoch, in my stomach's pit
and saw the hero bringing to my bed
with ruthless ardor, freezing and precise,
his mask of neoprene and bones of steel.

—DILYS LAING

The Shure M-100 is twice as heavy and twice the price. Fisher's Models 50 and 75 and Scott's Stereo Compact fall in between. None of these are fare for the affluent home-sound perfectionist, except perhaps as vacation or "family room" items, but they are ideal for college students.

In the past few years, the amplifier-speaker combinations have been caught in a sort of tail-chasing procedure. Amplifiers have had to become more powerful because speakers were getting smaller. This is in a way paradoxical, in a way not. Until a decade ago, when Edgar Villchur founded Acoustic Research, Inc., and launched Model AR-1, good bass response had always meant big speaker enclosures, say eight cubic feet. AR-1 was—as its main line of successors are—about 24 by 14 by 11 inches in size, or about two cubic feet. Villchur got his bass by hermetically sealing his small strongbox and using the enclosed air to cushion his bass speaker, or woofer, which thus needed almost no elastic restoring force of its own. The resulting bass was admirable, but the power required to drive the speaker effortlessly went up about one-third. KLH, AR's licensee and friendly rival, and Britain's Leak (which has the stiffest, lightest woofer cone in the business) have kept pace with AR in almost all technical respects.

Stereo—requiring two speaker cabinets—enhanced the appeal of the compacts. But now a divisive reaction has begun. Apartment dwellers want even smaller compacts, while new homeowners are looking back, a little longingly, at "big sound."

The smaller compacts are here, all new—the AR-4 ($57); KLH-17 ($69); Fisher-XP-5 ($54); Goodmans of England's Maximus I ($59); and Lahti U-2 ($40). The tiniest—and darling of the window-shoppers—is the Maximus, 10½ by 7¼ by 5½ inches. The others range from nine to twelve inches in height, making them *almost* bookshelf size.

All of them sound fine, but here is where the paradox steps in. Only the Fisher and the Lahti can be driven adequately in fair-sized rooms by 15-watt-per-channel amplifiers. The others, to my ear, need more power. By almost weird contrast, a (British) Tannoy $385 GRF speaker, with a 15-inch coaxial unit in a ten-cubic-foot horn enclosure, can be quite loudly activated by the output of a pocket battery radio. So can its big American counterparts—Lansing, Altec, Electro-Voice, and, in fact, any high-efficiency speaker. Thus a trend toward big speakers may pave the way for such items as the Dynaco Corporation's most modest product, the exemplary SCA-35 integrated amplifier, $140 for 17.5 very clean watts per channel, or Kenwood's ingenious Japanese-made KW-55 receiver, 20-20 watts ($240).

THE HOUSEHOLDERS with their eyes on large speakers are certainly not attracted chiefly by efficiency, however. They want "big sound." Manufacturer R. T. Bozak says: "Big sound . . . *is* high fidelity, and has made the high-fidelity business." There is indeed a difference between compacts and big speakers that ears can detect although psychoacoustics has not yet explained it; it seems to matter most in large-scale music.

The most awesome big sound exhibited at the autumn hi-fi shows came from two very similar all-electrostatic stereo speaker systems

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by KLH ($1,140) and Acoustech ($1,690, complete with four special amplifiers). The units look like freestanding wood-framed fabric screens, six feet high and two feet wide. Since they radiate sound from both front and rear, their placement in some living rooms might be difficult or even impossible. When they can be made to behave, however, they deliver the most realistic reproduced sound I ever have heard, as if they were simply an aural transparency in front of the music. As of October, they were not yet in anything like steady production.

More conventional but still in the fabulous division remain such speaker systems as the Lansing Paragon ($2,250), which is nine feet long and looks like a cabinetmaker's dream of a movable living-room sound stage, and Mr. Bozak's famous Model 410, which contains fourteen speaker units in sixteen cubic feet of air and can be bought for $1,580 the stereo pair. There are scores of other speaker systems, less pretentious but still spacious in sound, in the $100-$600 range.

Even more interesting is a renascence of buyer interest in loudspeakers themselves, not cabineted at all. Apparently some householders have discovered the pleasures of home woodworking or of cabinet-kit assembly. Attention seems to focus on the British Tannoys, Wharfedales, and Goodmans (notably the latter's nine-inch Axiom 80, a $70 marvel, in a properly tailored box); and on the American Altecs, Lansings, and Electro-Voices.

Cabinetry, in kit form or ready assembled and finished, is finding a market. The pioneer in nationwide supply here is Brazilay, of Gardena, California, which can furnish, in several styles, items ranging from unfinished speaker-enclosure kits at $94.50 a pair to complete, finished stereo console (modular) kits at $185 and $250.

At the opposite pole from big loudspeakers are the completely private ones—earphones, which are also getting attention. Today's stereo headsets, from such makers as Koss, Telex, Beyer, Superex, and Knight, easily match loudspeakers in fidelity, and are reasonably comfortable. Many amplifiers and receivers have front-panel sockets for

she knows only hardship

NGUYEN THI LAN, VIETNAMESE, AGE 8. Father dead, TB. Mother also TB. Cannot work. Three other children. Eldest also suffering TB. Younger children cannot afford school. Family in debt. Live in hut. Two beds only furniture. Child beautiful, undernourished. Needs help immediately.

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them. Prices range from $50 down to about $15. The front runner is probably Telex's new ST-20, which has volume controls on each earphone (your ears differ slightly from each other in acuity). Headphones tend to exaggerate stereo separation and some amplifiers have controls to modify this effect. Lacking that, there is Jensen's CFN-1 Cross-Feed Network ($23.50) to help center the auditory image.

THE MOST NOTEWORTHY new record players are the Marantz SLT-12, just getting into production, and the Garrard Lab-80. In the SLT-12, Saul Marantz has abandoned the conventional pivoted tone arm. His arm is, so to speak, extruded from a mechanism at the turntable's edge in a straight radial line toward the center spindle. It trails the pickup cartridge from its tip, like a fisherman trailing a lure from a pole. The cartridge is always at a true tangent to the groove, so there is no outer- or inner-groove distortion. The control mechanism also raises and lowers the cartridge at a touch. The device is tentatively priced at $250.

Garrard's Lab-80 costs $99.50 and is conventional, except in that it includes almost every convenience anyone has thought of in the last five years. By lever touch it will play singly or as a changer, in two speeds, and will raise and lower the stylus at any point in the record. It has an anti-skating balance and a built-in stylus-pressure gauge and control. Its tone arm is of afrormosia, closely akin to teak and said to be the least resonant of known woods. None of these features is unique, but no competitor has them all.

The best phono pickup cartridges now have attained so high a standard of excellence that it is nearly impossible to tell them apart by ear. The new criteria are observance of the fifteen-degree stylus-incidence angle lately agreed on by industry heads, ability to track at a pressure of one gram or less, and styli with tips ground to an elliptical (rather than round) cross-section to enable neater following of abrupt treble zigzags in the grooves. Shure, Ortofon (Danish), Pickering, Stanton, Grado, Empire, and ADC all make cartridges incorporating these nice-

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ties. They range in price downward from $62.50 (Shure) to about $30. They cannot be used on inexpensive record changers, although there are sturdier variants of some of them—less costly, too—that can be. And there is one highly meritorious round-tipped entry, the Scott-Decca, just to break the rule.

Tape recorders deserve a separate article, since the major event in the field is the extraordinary success of the Japanese imports. About ninety per cent of them are very low-fi indeed, but among the remaining ten per cent are some items of interest. One is the introduction by Concertone of "Reverse-omatic" play. To explain: when the Concertone 802 finishes playing the first "side" of a four-track recorded tape, the reels need not be taken off and transposed for the second side. Instead, at a button's push, the playback heads that have been reading Tracks 1 and 3 now shift to Tracks 2 and 4, and simultaneously the tape begins winding backward at the same speed it wound forward—thus playing the second side. Model 802 costs $350, and is designed to play into a high-fidelity system.

Also intended purely as a high-fidelity accessory is Sony's Model 263-E tape deck ($129), a sort of "best buy" item in the corporation's fantastic catalogue. This Japanese import is a remarkably flexible and handy playback mechanism for four-track recorded tape. To record as well, it requires a companion unit, the SRA-3 Recording Amplifier ($109.50). The two together would satisfy most music-system owners at a modest price.

Of other imports, the one most singled out for praise by sales and service people is the (Norwegian) Tandberg 74B, perhaps as nearly trouble-free as any machine on the market. It costs $450. Among American recorders, Ampex and Viking continue to set the pace and to keep model changes minimal.

THE ONLY THING the high-fidelity industry lacks, according to Harvey Radio's Ronald Coll, is a public that trusts its ears. "If they will listen to what they buy with the same discretion they use in selecting their favorite food or wine, we will all make out."

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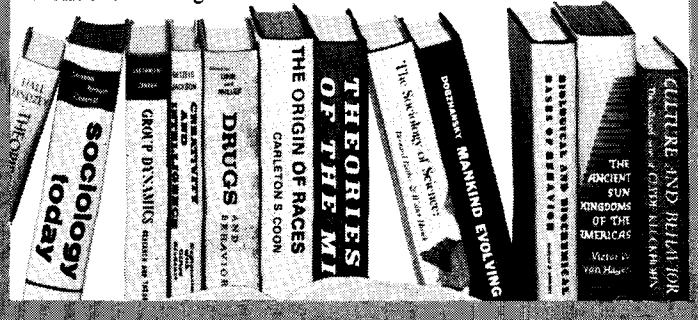

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